Saturday Review

AUGUST 8, 1959 / 25¢

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A TOAST IN GEORGIA

By Norman Cousins

V. SACKVILLE-WEST'S "DAUGHTER OF FRANCE"

Reviewed by Stanley Loomis

Friendly young Georgian

(See p. 9)

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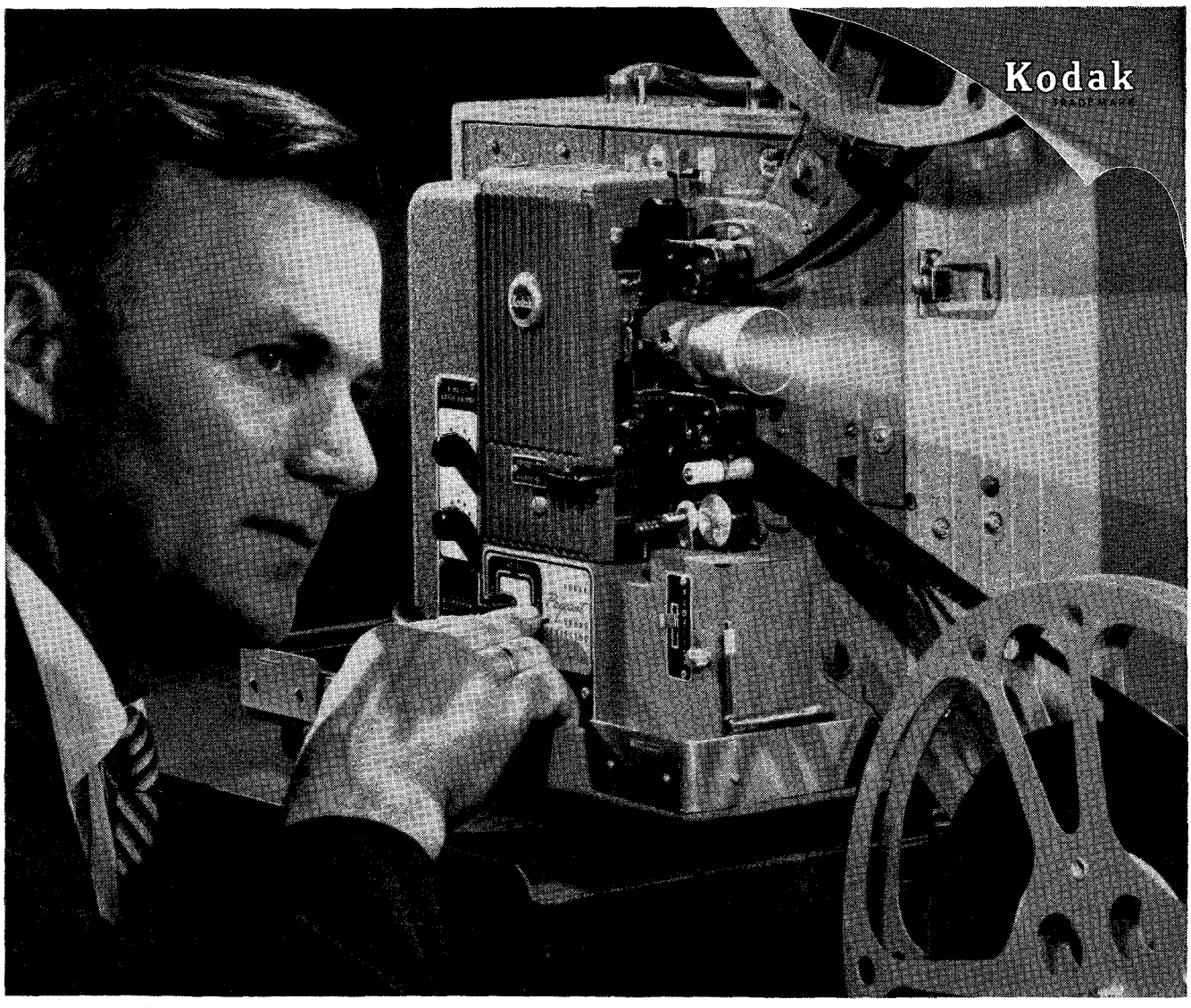

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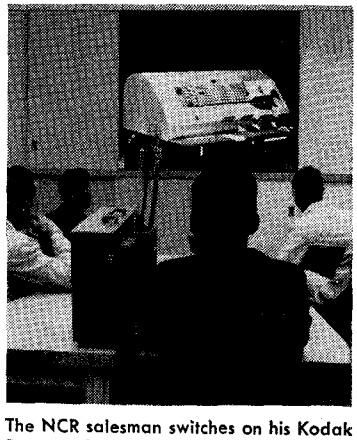

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Editor at Large

I've received the usual number of postcards from vacationing friends. From Yosemite, Italy, Cape Cod, the *Flandre* they write; and if I (possibly unfairly) detect a note of gloating, I really don't mind. This year I am spending my own holiday at home and liking it.

I can sleep late and know that breakfast can be had quickly at any time (all I have to do is cook it); I don't have to dress for dinner; not for me hours spent in gift shops seeking presents for the stay-at-homes, or the knowledge that I will have to drive hundreds of miles to keep a motel reservation. I've made no plans the weather can interfere with. If rain keeps me from the local pool, I have no feeling of being cheated out of something for which I paid. Above all, I have plenty of good books (my own library) at hand, and adequate lighting to read by. No 25-watt hotel reading lights to bring on vacation eyestrain this year!

As a matter of fact, I've done a fair amount of traveling in my living room. Specifically, I've spent some time on Cape Cod and learned about it things I'll wager few of this summer's visitors will discover.

For I've been reading John Hay's new book, "The Run," a fascinating account of the lives of alewives, herring-like fish that return every year to spawn in the same Massachusetts brook.

"The Run," which tells you a lot about men as well as about fish, is fine nature writing. I recommend it to those who like Thoreau and especially his book on Cape Cod. But whether you're a Thoreauvian or not, you'll find that John Hay's book gives you a good "Run" for your money.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The Run" ($3.95), by John Hay, is illustrated with woodcuts and is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is The Old Corner Book Store, 50 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

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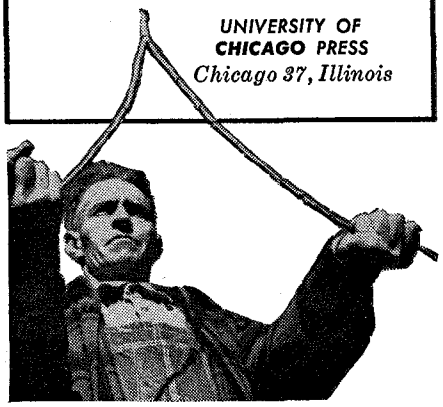

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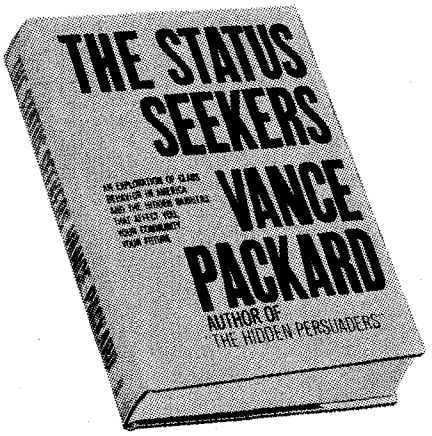

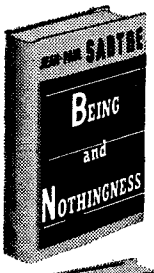

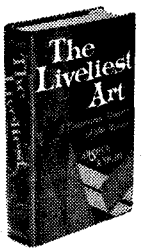

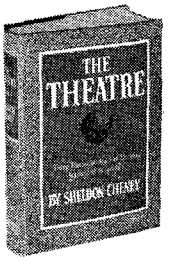

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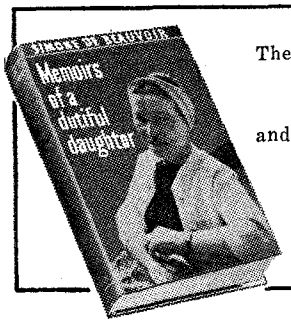

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TRADE Winds

ANYBODY OUT THERE related to Napoleon Bonaparte? Grosset & Dunlap is looking for you to help promote its new book, "With Napoleon in Russia: From the Memoirs of General de Caulincourt."

This is the only day-to-day account of the ill-fated expedition to Russia. The book has been out of print for many years and, in fact, was never even published at all until 1933, after the de Caulincourt diaries had been found in the ruins of an old chateau in France.

Charles Antin, advertising director at G&D, envisions a big promotion campaign with tie-ins involving everything Napoleonic from the 1812 Overture to brandy. That includes all you descendants of Napoleon and General de Caulincourt, and it includes Napoleonic authorities and collectors, too.

"We are even anxious," Mr. Antin told me, "to locate spurious descendants of Napoleon in this country."

That, of course, will be more difficult, I believe. There are plenty of genuine descendants, but finding the fakers is something else again. I am not sure what promotion scheme Mr. Antin has in mind, but I have heard that part is a Retreat-from-Moscow Pageant, covering the same ground as the original, with spurious descendants pulling bookmobiles instead of gun carriages.

JIM BOWLING TELLS ME about the letter he received from the manager of a hotel. Bowling had written for a reservation, and asked if his dog would be allowed to stay there. The reply from the hotel stated:

"Dear Sir: I have been in the hotel business all my life and have never had to call the police at three o'clock in the morning to eject a disorderly dog. A dog has never given me a bad check, nor been caught smuggling out hotel towels in his suitcase. Never has a dog started a fire by smoking in bed. Sir, your dog is welcome.

"P.S.: If he will vouch for you, you can come also."

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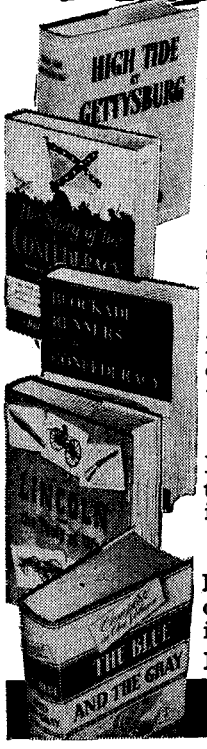

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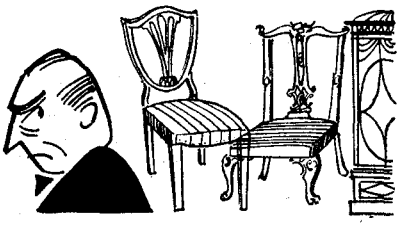
AN UNHAPPY MAN is Arthur L. Margolis of Chicago, vice-president of the Dearborn Company, makers of reproductions of Early American furniture. Seems that Mr. Margolis toured the 107 rooms of the White House and couldn't find Early American furniture.

"The White House is un-American," he has charged. "There are sideboards after Sheraton, chairs after Chippendale, and tables after Hepplewhite—all of them Englishmen. Nowhere in the White House can you find a representative exhibit of Early American furniture."

He did find isolated pieces here and there, but they are hidden by European imports. The famous Blue Room, he discovered, is all Empire,



imported from France. "The only way you can identify it as American is by the United States seal repeated throughout the room," he complained. "Nowadays the average young couple have more Early American furniture in their home than you can find in the entire White House."

He's right. Where in heck is the President keeping his hi-fi if he doesn't have an old Colonial commode? Where is Mamie putting the potted plants if she doesn't have a sideboard with a dry sink? And how do they repair their shoes without a cobbler's bench?

IN TED BERNSTEIN'S ever-fascinating book, "Watch Your Language" (Channel), he reminds us writers not to use the word "lady" when we mean "woman." He declares:

"Lady may be admissible as a humorous gimmick occasionally, but normally it has no more justification than the word 'gentleman' in place of 'man.' Even the social distinction seems to be disappearing, if, indeed, it is not being reversed."

Then he tells of an ad in *The New York Times* calling for a "young lady to assist in high-class men's shop." And he cites a case of a female looking for work who asked, "Are you the woman who wanted a lady to wash for her?"

IN THE JULY ISSUE of the American Geographical Society's *Geographical Review,* Eric Sloane, the artist and historian who knows more about this sort of thing than almost anyone,

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tells why they covered covered bridges. I used to think it was some great unsolved mystery, but it isn't.

They covered them for protection, of course, according to the article. The other reasons were: to keep the floor dry and unslippery; to keep out heavy snowfall (although snow wardens usually had to shovel some snow onto the floor so that sleighs could pass); to make the bridge look like a barn so that horses, cattle, and sheep wouldn't shy at the rushing waters below; and to make the bridge more impressive and thus worth the toll.

Reason enough to keep covering them, if you ask me.

THE RUSSIANS are ahead of us again. In a time capsule buried under 650 Madison Avenue, among other things, is the prediction by the president of American Airlines that in the future we will be flying around in 1,000-mile-an-hour airliners.

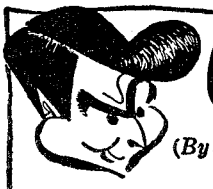
Not long ago, in an issue of *USSR*, the English-language Russian magazine, Soviet scientist Vasili Alexandrov predicted that "the airliner of tomorrow" would fly at speeds of 10,000 miles per hour.

Well, really! It seems to me the least we could do is to beat the Russians in *predictions*. Here the whole non-Communist world is looking to us for leadership and we are already 9,000 miles an hour slower than we ought to be.

Those Russians are marvelous at looking ahead. In a new book, "Report from the 21st Century," scientists foresee commuter service to and from the moon, no one sleeping more than a couple of hours a night, physicians treating their patients while sitting at a central control panel, and chemists creating new living organisms unlike anything alive now.

Meanwhile, back at the Madison Avenue time capsule, fellows like the president of the Chrysler Corporation and of the New York Central Railroad have promised us things like pay-as-you-see television, "lightweight, low-center-of-gravity railroad coaches," and automobiles that drive automatically. It is extremely disappointing.

I am pleased to reveal that in Washington there is consideration of forming a President's Prediction Panel, which will see to it that our claims



On Campus with Max Shulman

(By the Author of "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!" and, "Barefoot Boy with Cheek.")

THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SMOOCH

Back in my courting days (the raccoon coat was all the rage, everybody was singing *Good Morning, Mister Zip Zip Zip*, and young Bonaparte had just left Corsica), back, I say, in my courting days, the standard way to melt a girl's heart was to write poetry to her.

I don't understand why young men today have abandoned this gambit. There is nothing like poetry for moving a difficult girl. What's more, poems are ridiculously easy to write. The range of subjects is endless. You can write a poem about a girl's hair, her eyes, her lips, her walk, her talk, her clothes—anything at all. Indeed, one of my most effective love lyrics was called *To Maud's Pencil Box*. It went like this:

In your dear little leatherette
pencil box
Are pencils of yellow and red,
And if you don't tell me you
love me soon,
I'll hit you on top of the head.

Honesty compels me to admit that this poem fell short of success. Nothing daunted, I wrote another one. This time I pulled a switch; I threatened *myself* instead of Maud.

Oh, Maud, pray stop this drivel
And tell me you'll be mine,
For my sweetbreads they do shrivel
And wind around my spine.

My heart doth cease its beating,
My spleen uncoils and warps,
My liver stops secreting,
Soon I needs be a corpse.

When this heart-rending ballad failed to win Maud, I could only conclude that she was cruel and heartless and I was better off without her. Accordingly I took back my Hi-Y pin, bade her adieu, and have not clapped eyes on her since. Last I heard, she was working in Galveston as a Plimsoll line.

But I did not mourn Maud long, for after Maud came Doris—Doris of the laughing eyes, Doris of the shimmering hair, Doris of the golden tibiae! Within moments of meeting her, I whipped up a torrent of trochaic tetrameter:

Oh, my sweet and dulcet Doris!
I love you like a Philip Morris
With its mild and rich tobacco
In its white and scarlet pack-o.
I'd swim from Louisville to Natchez
For Philip Morris and you and matches.

Well, of course, the dear girl couldn't resist a poem like that—what girl could?—and she instantly became my slave. For the rest of the semester she carried my books, washed my car, and cored my apples. There is no telling where it all would have ended if she hadn't been drafted.

So, men, you can see the power of poetry. Try it yourself. All you need is a rhyming dictionary, a quill pen, and a second-hand muse.

© 1959, Max Shulman

* * *

Let's drop rhyme and turn to reason. The reason Marlboro has gone to the head of the filter cigarette class is simple: better "makin's"—a flavor that pleases, a filter that works. Marlboro—from the makers of Philip Morris.

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AN INTERESTING LETTER SAID...

"Why in Heaven Don't You Speak Out on Inflation?"

I have received a number of letters from men and women who are concerned about inflation. One A. T. & T. share owner asked, "Why in heaven don't you speak out on this subject?"

The letter went on to say, "If you would alert the 1,625,000 share owners and 700,000 employees to the facts about inflation, they would help spread the news."

I warmly agree that it is essential to alert more people to the dangers of inflation and we in the Bell System are speaking up and speaking out at every opportunity.

In recent articles and bulletins to employees, the Bell System Companies have discussed the threat which inflation poses to the purchasing power of the dollar and to savings, insurance, and pensions.

At the annual meeting of A. T. & T. share owners I pointed out that inflation has been a tough problem in the telephone business. But we have not just talked about the problem—we have developed more efficient equipment and introduced many economies of operation.

It is worth noting that the price of telephone service has generally gone up less since World War II than most other things.

But we know that the forces of inflation are far too widespread and powerful for any one individual or business to stem them singlehanded.

This brings me to the question that I believe so many are asking. "How can I help?" In these ways, it seems to me:

By giving spoken and written support to those who are working for a strong, sound, and stable dollar.

By opposing unreasonable demands, excessive spending, and schemes that add fuel to the inflationary fire.

Your friends and associates, and especially your representatives in Congress, are entitled to your constructive views.

For our part, we will continue to fight inflation by pushing research hard and effecting economies in our business. And by speaking out against this threat to the people and the country.

FREDERICK R. KAPPEL, PRESIDENT

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

for the future are at least as good as anybody else's. The slogan is: Dream Big for Democracy.

IDDZIES AND ODDZIES: A magazine called *Numbers* is under fire in New Zealand. The type of material published in one of the latest issues has been criticized by two Wellington daily newspapers, one of them stating that "three stories in the issue dealt with illicit love, and it also contained pedantic reviews."

► One of my correspondents, Aaron Stookey, comments without explanation but surely from the depths of experience:

"No gentleman in his right mind would prefer a blonde."

► *Best Articles & Stories,* hitherto available only by subscription, will be sold on the newsstands beginning August 12 with the September issue.

► Several people have told me to run this story in TRADE WINDS, so it must be going the rounds. It's about the guy who was visiting a new golf course. At the first tee he saw three men about to begin a round. He asked if he could join them and make it a foursome. They said they would be delighted, but pointed out they were playing for so much a hole. The guy said he didn't mind betting, but that he was an eighteen-handicap player.

The other three allowed him a stroke a hole, but actually his handicap was six, so he really trounced them. After they'd showered and were dressing, the fellow saw the others put on ministers' clothing. Conscience-stricken, he offered them their money back, explaining that he had lied about his handicap. They finished dressing in silence, but on the way out one of the clergymen said:

"Here is my card . . . in case your parents should ever see fit to marry."

► Two American ladies in Paris were chatting. One said, "I've been here more than a week now, and I haven't gone to the Louvre." The other replied, "neither have I. It must be the water."

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1323)

C. T. BRIDGEMAN:
(THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH AND) THE MIDDLE EAST

New conditions have rendered old methods obsolete. But what we have to offer this new spirit in the Middle East is something eternally and universally valid which we must learn to present in such manner that men everywhere will accept it.

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Saturday Review
AUGUST 8, 1959

A TOAST IN GEORGIA

The editor of the Saturday Review *has been in the Soviet Union. Herewith is the third of a series of reports growing out of his trip.*

IT HAD BEEN raining hard all day. When the ground drank its fill, the water ran down from the hills and collected in the valleys. It came sluicing across the roadways, mud-colored and heavy. The sky hung low with its burden.

We had been driving from Tbilisi (Tiflis), capital of the Georgian Republic of the USSR, down near the southern corner where Europe and Asia meet in the Middle East. We were on our way to a State farm about 120 miles from Tbilisi, not far from the Armenian border.

Then we ran into trouble.

About three hours out of Tbilisi, the driver came to a turn in the road at the bottom of a hill. He stopped the car and shook his head. The bridge was out.

Ordinarily, this would have presented no problem. For the river bed had been dry since last winter; the area had been without sustained rainfall for some months. Cars could drive across the rocky floor. But now, with the flash floods, the racing waters were cutting deep channels as the river sought to restore itself.

It was almost dark by now, but I could see the outlines of a stalled truck. It had tried to make a run for it but had strayed wide of the rocky bottom, and lodged itself in the mud. And now a companion truck was gingerly maneuvering into position to attach a tow line.

Several other automobiles ahead of us had come to a stop on this side of the river bed and were pointed in various directions. Their drivers were consulting—sometimes arguing—about whether to attempt the crossing and, if so, where the high ground was likely to be. So long as the cars could stay on the rocks and find a place where the current wasn't higher than the floorboards, they could probably make it across the river bed—or at least this seemed to be the consensus.

What troubled me was that there were at least four separate channels between us and the other side. Besides, even without the flash floods, the size of the rocks and the depth of the ruts demanded respect from a mere automobile and its riders. I suggested politely to my interpreter that it might be prudent to turn back.

My traveling companions consisted of Igor Alexandrov, my interpreter, a Georgian professor of history, and our Georgian driver. When I made the suggestion, Igor looked at me reproachfully. "You may have forgotten that a Georgian is driving this car," he said. He didn't even bother to translate my cautionary notes.

What Igor had said about the Georgians was far from being a conversation piece. For century after century, Georgians had to fight for their homes and their lives—against Genghis Khan, Mongols, Turks, Persians, Romans, and Germans. Now the only problem was that a puny bridge was out and torrential rains were opening up large sluices on the river bottom. Child's play.

I GASPED when I saw one of the cars head out for the other side. The driver swung north up the stony floor, driving very close to the first channel. Then he found what he was looking for and angled sharply into the stream. The men from the other cars watched intently as the pioneer auto plunged ahead. The water rose above hub caps but no higher. Then the car emerged from the torrent and the driver reversed his field, repeating the process with the second stream, and then was

—*N. C.*

Georgian adventure: "It was almost dark, but I could see the stalled truck. It had tried to make a run for it, but had lodged itself in the mud."

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lost to sight around a bend in the river bed.

"Our turn next," our Georgian driver said.

All I could think about as we neared the first torrent was an experience I had had in Los Angeles several months earlier. The city had been hit by flash floods. I was in a taxicab on my way to the airport at the time. When we approached the intersection where Sepulveda Boulevard crosses Slawson Avenue, the cars were backed up for several hundred yards. The intersection was under two feet of water. My driver asked whether my airplane connection was an important one. I told him about a lecture in San Francisco that noon. He thereupon pulled out of the line of waiting cars and hit the current in the wake of a large truck. We got half way across the intersection when the water sploshed in over the floorboards. The engine died without even a damp cough. The taxicab driver took off his shoes and socks, rolled up his pants, got out of the cab, and ordered me to get on his back. He would carry me to the other side, where cabs were available; he figured I could still make my plane if we moved fast. I did as ordered. The driver took two steps, lost his footing, and the two of us fell smack into the water, rolling over several times before we were able to struggle to our feet. I missed the plane.

NOW, four months later, it suddenly occured to me that my Los Angeles cab driver may have been a Georgian. In any event, the California episode inevitably came to mind as we followed the path of the pioneer car. The big difference, of course, was that this time we were up against no deadline. We could just as easily arrive at the State farm the next morning. But, as Igor had pointed out, we were the guests of Georgians and an element of challenge was involved in the present situation.

My apprehension gave way to exalted admiration for the driver as he successfully forded the first three currents. Muddy spray splashed up over the motor hood. Rocks were spinning off the tires and made banging noises against the underside of the car. Yet we kept moving. When we came to the fourth stream, the rear wheels hit some mud and we came to a stop.

I wondered how long the car could stay upright if the water rose any higher. The heavy rain and the harsh winds were unabating. It was now dark. Far ahead of us, I could see the tail-lights of two stalled cars. There were no cars behind us. Our Georgian driver spit lightly on his hands and took firm hold of the steering wheel. He got the car to rocking. Then he grunted triumphantly when the tires caught on a reverse thrust. We kept backing out until we could feel the rocks banging against the floorboards again. Then the driver made two or three large circles, hit several streams in low gear at a fairly high speed, emerged from the river bed, found the black-top road, and proceeded on our way.

No one said anything. I looked over at Igor and whistled softly in mixed relief and stark awe at the driver's feat. After a minute I told Igor to congratulate him for me.

"I'll congratulate him on pulling us through safely," Igor said, "but I'll have to do it tactfully. You've probably lost your sense of direction. We never got across the river, after all. The driver gave up on the last stream and decided to retreat. We're on the road back to Tbilisi again. I don't want the driver to think we're being sarcastic."

Going or coming, it was good to be dry. But it was also late, very late, and it was still raining. Surely we were not going all the way back to Tbilisi tonight. Even before I could put the question for translation, the Georgian professor told the driver to stop. Then the professor went into a farmhouse to do some telephoning in an attempt to arrange a place for us to spend the night.

While waiting for the professor, I made some inquiries about our car, which was Russian-made. It had performed remarkably—almost miraculously, in fact. It had been both nimble or sturdy when it had to be. The brakes hadn't locked after being submerged; the springs had held up under terrific pounding; the traction and balance were excellent; there had been no overheating despite the long strain of climbing and raced motor. Besides, I learned from Igor that the stream had in fact been higher than the floorboards but the car had been so engineered that it would be hermetically sealed with the closing of the doors and the trunk compartment. It was not a large car by American standards but it could carry five or six passengers in genuine comfort, if not luxury. Besides, it possessed a feature missing from most American cars for the past six years: it was built for people with legs. My knees were not at my chin or pressed against the rear of the front seat. I could stretch my legs normally and comfortably or cross them. Nor did the driver's legs hit the steering wheel when he raised his foot from accelerator to the brake. There was no mountainous floor ridge dividing the car into two parts and making second-class citizens of the poor souls who happened to be sitting in the center.

—N. C.

Georgian farmer: a collective farmer is allowed to have his own cow.

I learned from Igor that the car was a Volga make and sold for about 30,000 rubles—or $3,000 at the standard rate of exchange inside the USSR. Comparatively few were available for private sale to individuals; most of them were now allocated for taxicabs or organization use. But once the heavy official demand receded, it was planned to offer the car for general sale. This might not be for several years, however.

Could many persons afford it? The answer is emphatically in the affirmative. One of the most significant facts about the Soviet Union today is that the Russian people are enjoying a wave of comparative prosperity unlike anything they have known in their history. At least fifteen of the forty years since the Revolution were spent in war or reconstruction from war. Almost 20,000,000 people lost their lives in the Second World War. Dozens of cities and hundreds of villages had to be completely rebuilt. But during the past three or four years, the nation has been able to make the transition from war reconstruction to general development. It has been producing all sorts of goods—all the way from heavy trucks and tractors to luxury items—in vast quantities and of high standard.

Indeed, the Soviet Union today is on a production kick. People talk production and think production—new methods of increasing output or possible refinements—with a zest and a persistence that an outsider would suppose they had reserved for Marx, chess, or the classical ballet.

Meanwhile, incentives are offered

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for production gains, generally in the form of bonuses that in many cases double regular salaries. This has figured largely in a prodigious increase in the national income. As a result, one of the significant aspects of the Soviet economy today is the substantial purchasing power of the average consumer. People have money—a great deal of it—and they are ready to spend it on major purchases. At the present pace of private accumulation of capital, the market for private automobiles by 1965 may have to be reckoned in the hundreds of thousands and possibly even millions.

Little wonder that a parked new American or European car in front of a Russian hotel would attract large crowds and makes for animated and analytical discussion some times lasting far past midnight. The Russian people are car-conscious today and can hardly wait to get their hands on one they can call their own.

This digression is prompted by the part played by the Volga in getting us safely through our bout with the rocky river bed. Back to the main story.

The Georgian professor was gone about half an hour. When he returned, he brought with him the head of the local community, Mr. Shakeo Gochiashvili, whose job corresponded to that of mayor. The community itself was a collective farm, the main product of which was grapes for wine-making.

THE Mayor greeted us most cordially for a man who, it developed, had been roused from a deep sleep. He led the way to a narrow lane off the main road. A very short distance up the lane we came to his home, a two-story, bungalow-type frame house. An outdoor wooden stairway led up to the living quarters, where we met the Mayor's wife. She most graciously assured us it was a privilege to offer us a place to spend the night. I asked about the rest of the family and learned there were two children—a girl of ten and a boy of six.

The house itself was simple, almost spare, in design and construction. The main living quarters were on the second floor and consisted of a living room, a dining room, and two bedrooms. The kitchen, storeroom, and utility space were located on the ground floor. There was an all-purpose sink in the living room. An outhouse was located about 100 feet from the house.

The Mayor was like a character out of a novel about early New England: quiet, almost shy, but he carried on his small frame a granite-like quality of strength. You had the feeling that he came by his job through no accident. His wife was careful to stay in the background, generally saying anything she had to say through him. She had correctly assumed we had had no dinner and, though it was now past eleven P.M., she had already started to prepare a meal.

—*N. C.*

Transportation by private car for farmers is not yet generally available but by 1965 the USSR will be mass-producing automobiles.

While waiting for dinner, the Georgian professor and I played chess. I was lucky enough to gain a rook as the result of an accepted Danish gambit when the game was adjourned in response to the call to table. The Mayor's wife did not sit down with us but the Mayor did and he proceeded to eat the full meal, as the custom dictates. The dinner party numbered five, including our Georgian driver. The dinner was a feast, the main course of which consisted of roast chicken and scallions. But the principal feature of the dinner was the wine toasts. In keeping with Georgian traditions, a meal among friends is an occasion for good spirits and camaraderie, the symbol of which is the toast.

True to tradition, the Mayor offered the first toast—to the parents of all present and to all the sacrifices they had made for us in life, to their nobility, their thoughtfulness, and to their everlasting honor. Igor whispered to me that this was an important toast and meant bottoms up. A few minutes later, again in keeping with tradition, the Mayor offered a toast to his wife, who was peering at us from behind the curtains of the next room. She was a good woman, he said, and this toast was to her health and long life.

The wine was delicious, but I suddenly began to wonder about my capacity. And well I might, for before the evening was over, thirty-one toasts were to be offered. Bottle after bottle was opened. There were to be

(*Continued on page* 34)

—*N. C.*

"Not what we would call a highly modern agricultural establishment, but that it was productive, there could be no doubt."

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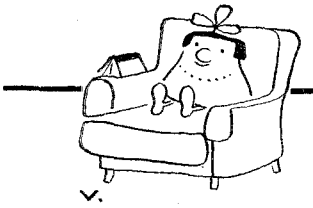

LITERARY HORIZONS

The Case for Cozzens

By Granville Hicks

IN A literary career that has lasted for thirty-five years James Gould Cozzens has published twelve novels, of which he has chosen to forget the first four. The other eight he takes seriously, and with reason. Even if he is not, as some of his more extravagant admirers have claimed, our greatest living novelist, he is clearly a figure to be reckoned with. And yet, until recently, he has received slight critical attention. An up-to-date bibliography lists twenty-one articles, only eight of which appeared before 1957, the year in which "By Love Possessed" was published. Bibliographies of Faulkner, Hemingway, Fitzgerald, and other fashionable novelists run to page after page.

The first response to "By Love Possessed" was a tumultuous shouting, with John Fischer in *Harper's* and Brendan Gill in *The New Yorker* acting as cheerleaders. Immediately a reaction set in, of which the sharpest expression was an essay Dwight MacDonald wrote for *Commentary*, "By Cozzens Possessed." MacDonald, a handy man with a hatchet, set out to prove not only that "By Love Possessed" was not the work of superlative genius that Fischer and Gill held it to be but also that it was a downright bad novel, and a good many people promptly lined up behind him. Cozzens, attacked as he had never been before, had some reason to feel that his admirers had done him no service.

However, the rumpus did have the effect of making Cozzens's work a critical issue, and there are indications that we are on our way to a reasonable evaluation. *Critique*, a review of contemporary fiction published at the University of Minnesota, devoted a special number (winter, 1958) to Cozzens, with articles by John Lydenberg, Frederick Bracher, George Garrett, and other teachers of literature. And now Professor Bracher, who teaches at Pomona College, has written **"The Novels of James Gould Cozzens"** (Harcourt, Brace, $5.75), which is both thorough and sensible.

Bracher says that Cozzens has written "seven novels comparable to the best produced in America since 1930," and he thinks that "taken as a whole the Cozzens novels constitute a record of continuing achievement matched in our time only by Faulkner and Hemingway." But his effort is to contribute to the understanding of Cozzens rather than to blow up his reputation. After a brief comment on the early work, he discusses the major novels, not seriatim but as a body of work. He talks first about style, structure, symbolism, and other such literary matters, and then about Cozzens's views of man and society, emphasizing his recognition of the range of human differences and his conviction of the imperfectibility of man.

Bracher points out, as others have done before him, that Cozzens has been consistently and even belligerently unfashionable. In the Thirties, when the novel of social protest was popular, he flaunted his skepticism about schemes of reform. Today, when we are hearing about a revival of religion, he displays a cold rationalism. During this whole period the alienated individual, in one guise or another, has been the favorite theme of fiction, but Cozzens has gone on writing about man in society. And his tone is as unfashionable as his subject-matter: for instance, there is, as Bracher says, as much violence in his novels as in any contemporary fiction, but he almost invariably plays violence down instead of assaulting the sensibilities of his readers.

There are two charges commonly made against Cozzens. The first is that he is not merely unfashionable but old-fashioned. No innovator himself, it is said, he writes as if the great innovators of our time, the Joyces and Faulkners, had never existed. In substance this charge is true: so far as technique is concerned, Cozzens belongs to the nineteenth century. But we still have to ask how much he is able to accomplish without benefit of innovations, and the answer is that he has accomplished a great deal. He has mastered the techniques he has chosen to employ and has known how to adapt them to the vision of life he seeks to render.

The second common charge is that Cozzens is cold-blooded, and again I have to admit that the charge is at least partly just, for he frequently writes with marked detachment about individuals who themselves have no great depth of feeling. Yet that is not the whole story. As Bracher shows, the early novels dealt with various kinds of rebellion, and in one of his major works, "The Last Adam" (1933), Cozzens portrayed with relish an obstreperous old nonconformist. Since then, it is true, his heroes have been guided by reason and a sense of social responsibility, and some of them, such as Abner Coates in "The Just and the Unjust," have been on the tepid side. But what little we know of Cozzens suggests that he himself is by no means tepid; indeed, in some interviews he has sounded like an angry middle-aged man. The whole point of "By Love Possessed" is that the life of reason is as difficult as it is admirable, and Arthur Winner, seeking to live that life, has waged a long and sometimes a losing struggle. Cozzens does not think well of passion, but that is because he recognizes, not because he underestimates, its power.

Bracher regards Cozzens as the equal of Hemingway and Faulkner, and I suspect that Cozzens regards himself as their superior. He is, he may well be persuaded, a more consistent craftsman than either of them, and he has some reason for thinking that he has achieved greater maturity in his attitude towards life. (He refers to them as "softies.") If he does have any such notion of his preeminence, he is, from my point of view, wholly mistaken; for me, he has never come within hailing distance of either Faulkner's best or Hemingway's. But I can see why he speaks about them and their critics with a certain impatience.

Not much is to be gained, however, by playing the old game of comparisons, for it doesn't matter whether Cozzens is better or worse than this writer or that so long as he is good enough—as he surely is—to be worth reading. He should not be ignored because he is unfashionable, nor should he be disparaged because John Fischer nominates him for the Nobel Prize. He has been writing for a long time now, and he has shown a greater capacity for growth than the majority of his contemporaries. He clings tenaciously to his own point of view, and it yields him a vision of human experience that the reader has to respect even when he doesn't like it. We don't have to belittle other writers to appreciate Cozzens, although some critics—Bracher, I am happy to say, is not one of them—act as if we did. We can never have too much excellence, and if it takes different forms, so much the better.

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PERSONAL HISTORY

Louis XIV's Headstrong Cousin

***"Daughter of France," by V. Sackville-West** (Doubleday. 336 pp. $4.95), brightens with fresh and vivid details the oft-told history of Anne Marie Louise d'Orléans. Stanley Loomis is the author of "Du Barry."*

By Stanley Loomis

OF THE bizarre minor figures who peopled the court of Louis XIV (and the acid memoirs of the Duc de Saint-Simon) few have more persistently demanded the attention of posterity than Anne Marie Louise d'Orléans, known to her times as the Grande Mademoiselle. Granddaughter of Henry IV, niece of Louis XIII and first cousin of Louis XIV, she arrogated to herself the awesome title of Daughter of France. She was, in actuality, a Granddaughter rather than a Daughter of France, but V. Sackville-West in this delightful new biography posthumously indulges her in her "little weakness," remarking aptly that "for one so conscious of her royal birth nothing could have been better designed to give her satisfaction." Along with royal birth, Mademoiselle was endowed with the largest private fortune in Europe, a vast maternal inheritance that encompassed duchies, principalities, and the Sovereignty of Dombes.

Headstrong and somewhat masculine ("she is better adapted to handling a weapon than a spindle," remarked a contemporary), Mademoiselle played a military role in the Fronde, ordering the cannon of the Bastille to be turned onto young Louis XIV's advancing militia. In doing so she destroyed a hope that once had been nourished in her of becoming Louis's wife. The King never quite forgave her. The central episode in her life was a violent and sorrowful attachment to the swashbuckling Gascon adventurer known in later years as the Duc de Lauzun. Kings and emperors had fluttered hopefully about her fortune. But Mademoiselle was forty-three and still unmarried when she fell in love with the unworthy Lauzun. She proposed to him. When the King finally gave his equivocal permission for such an unsuitable marriage (his decision inspired the most celebrated of Mme. de Sevigné's letters: "I am about to tell you the most astonishing thing, the most surprising, the most marvellous. . . ."), Mademoiselle enjoyed the happiest hours of her life.

—*From the book.*

La Grande Mademoiselle painted by Henri de Beaubrun, 1655.

Within hours of her wedding she was summoned by the King and told that the marriage could not take place. "You would do better never to marry," the Queen bluntly told her, "and keep your fortune for my son Anjou." Weeping, she swallowed the bitter pill. Lauzun was thrown into a dungeon to languish for ten years. Mademoiselle remained faithful. Louis XIV and Mme. de Montespan finally bludgeoned her out of her fortune: to ransom Lauzun she assigned the better part of her properties to the Duc du Maine.

Were Lauzun and Mademoiselle secretly married? The best evidence that they were, V. Sackville-West suggests, may be found in the shabby, ungrateful treatment Lauzun accorded Mademoiselle after his release. Only her husband could treat a woman in such a way. He demanded larger settlements and peevishly reproached her for the size of the diamonds she gave him. He complained about the cost of Choisy, a beautiful little chateau she built to occupy her attention during his absence. A squalid but artistically "real" conclusion to what might have been called the scandal, if not the romance, of the century.

All this V. Sackville-West has told and told very well. It is not a new story, but so filled is it with fresh and vivid particulars that one realizes again that often it is not the subject that is the stuff of good biography, but rather the background. Particularly fascinating are the author's descriptions of such matters as the seventeenth-century Paris streets; of an incredible "safari" of Louis XIV, the court, and attendants (12,000 people) to Flanders, and of the Fronde. She has made skilful use of French, parenthetically quoted from Mademoiselle's memoirs. Further, the author has a full appreciation of the curious mystique of royalty and of the dynastic and genealogical ramifications which support it—trivial yet mighty—without which one cannot properly understand the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in Europe.

One closes this book speculating on the nature of tragedy, for this is a life more than filled with the ingredients of it. Mademoiselle's contemporaries appear to have viewed her more as a comic figure. It was an age which preferred to see its tragedies on the stage, in a mythological setting and declaimed in verse. One might question its taste in comedy too. On the occasion of Mademoiselle's funeral the urn containing her entrails exploded. The smell and sight caused congregation and celebrants alike to flee. When all was put aright and the room perfumed they returned. "The scare," said the Duc de Saint-Simon, "gave everyone a good laugh."

Tough Hanging Hero

***"Wild Bill Hickok," by Richard O'Connor** (Doubleday. 282 pp. $3.95), cuts a tall legend down somewhat but emerges in a blaze of frontier color. Dan Cushman is the author of several Western novels, among them "The Silver Mountain."*

By Dan Cushman

IF THERE ever was a Western gunfighter we could sit back and admire, that man was James Butler ("Wild Bill") Hickok. Wild Bill was six feet three inches tall, with a narrow waist, and magnificent shoulders set atop a spine that had the resilience of a hickory whip. With his long, curling hair, his imperious eye, and the rugged bone structure of his face, by God, he looked the part! Sort of combination Cameo Kirby and Alexander the Great.

Greatest of all Bill's feats was his single-handed decimation of the McCandles gang. It happened this

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way: Bill had stopped with food for an old lady when Dave McCandles and his gang of border ruffians rode down the road dragging a dead preacher on the end of a rope. They saw Bill's horse, and, realizing they finally had him cornered, charged the house. But Bill hung tough. He got McCandles with a rifle, six more of the gang with his pistol, and the three who remained with a bowie knife. Anyhow, that's how it *used* to be, before the publication of a book named "Wild Bill Hickok," by Richard O'Connor.

According to O'Connor, at that time Bill, aged twenty-four, was a general roustabout in a stage station, a stock tender. He was in fact a hulking farm boy with a long protruding lip, which had won him the name "Duck Bill."

"Come out and fight fair," cried the O'Connor McCandles, all alone—his three companions, one a twelve-year-old boy, down at the barn. But Bill didn't come out. Cowering behind a curtain, Bill bushwhacked him. Two McCandles men, running up from the barn, maybe even unarmed, were wounded by the panicky Bill. Only one left was the boy. Didn't shoot him. Too busy watching his friends pursue the wounded men, one of whom was finished off by a shotgun, the other hacked to death with a hoe.

And that, fellow citizens, is what has happened to our Wild Bill. It looked in chapter one as if O'Connor was another Jack McCall, the fellow who shot poor Bill in the back while he held aces and eights, the "dead man's hand," at Nuttal & Mann's No. 10 Saloon, Deadwood, in the Dreary Black Hills. But wait! All is not lost. For after chapter one, and an "Introduction to a Gunfighter," and after the passage of several more chapters, things get interesting.

Bill (Wild Bill, not Duck Bill; he has grown a moustache) turns up as sheriff at Hays City, Kansas, and as, with frightening authenticity, O'Connor recounts each killing it became Bill's duty, and perhaps pleasure, to perform, the reader keeps score with a sort of grisly fascination. Then things get even better. Bill becomes marshal of Abilene, and now there is not only a new Bill, there is a new Richard O'Connor. For, after long maundering through the wastelands of amorphous rhetoric, the author commences to write in a tight, spring-vibrant style that fills the reader with joy. The wild towns come alive in a bonanza of barbaric color and incident. All the gunfighters, gamblers, cowboys and fancy women are there, just the way they ought to be, and in the midst of all is our Wild Bill, the one we know and love. We don't believe O'Connor put any stock in Duck Bill nohow.

PADLOCKS AND STRAITJACKETS: Erich Weiss (1874-1926) was undoubtedly one of the world's great showmen. According to William Lindsay Gresham's account in **"Houdini: The Man Who Walked Through Walls"** (Holt, $4.50), he called himself Houdini after his early idol, the French magician, Jean Eugène Robert Houdin. Somebody had told him that the added "i" would make his name mean "like Houdin."

Houdini knew all the magic, but he lacked the grace and charm and finesse that made Thurston's shows an esthetic delight which still live gratefully in the memory of all who witnessed them. Houdini's was the blockbuster type of personality. So he became primarily a stunt man. He found his way out of padlocks and straitjackets, and if he could be buried alive or submerged in water or hung by his feet from the cornice of a building while he was doing it, that was all to the good.

Houdini himself admitted, even proclaimed, that he used only "natural" means. He always had to control the conditions of the test. Once, when some fellow-magicians mischievously locked him into a pay toilet, he could only sputter in helpless rage; he couldn't get out!

Yet, for all his ability, he had a heart-breaking time getting started. He began as "Eric the Great" in the cheapest beer halls. If, as he claimed, he really worked on the Midway during the World's Columbian Exposition he created no sensation. He made Tony Pastor's in 1895 and San Francisco's Orpheum in 1899 but even these bookings did not turn the tide. It turned in 1900 at the Alhambra in London, which was promptly followed by his sensational conquest of Germany.

Houdini was one of the most moral of men, a sincere and high-minded exponent of clean living. He was kind and appallingly generous. His greatest fault was that he believed his own publicity. He was less an autocrat than a man possessed. In "exposing" mediums he seems to have used some of the same tricks for which he reproached them. It seems very likely that when he investigated "Margery" he himself "planted" one of the properties he accused her of "planting." By this time he was apparently incapable of distinguishing between fact and desire.

Houdini's war with the mediums was not motivated by materialistic tendencies. He tried desperately to reach his mother after her death. When he failed he turned in rage against those who had failed him. There is no indication that he knew that "psychic" phenomena often occur spontaneously and that they need to be explained. I doubt that he would have understood the kind of work now being done by Dr. J. B. Rhine or the Parapsychology Foundation.

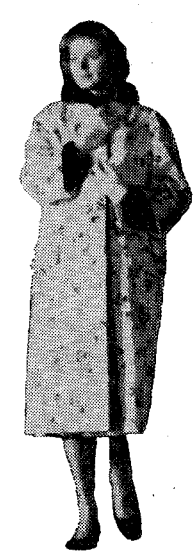
Houdini at work

Mr. Gresham's book is journalistic rather than scholarly in tone, but he has worked conscientiously at clearing up as many mysteries about Houdini as can still be elucidated, and painting the fullest picture of him that can now be produced. The results may be guaranteed to enthrall all devotees of "show biz."

—EDWARD WAGENKNECHT.

AMATORY ESCAPADE: Ingrid Bergman's desertion of her husband and daughter in favor of Italian movie director Roberto Rossellini received such an airing in the press that Stromboli virtually became a household word. Nonetheless, in **"Ingrid Bergman: An Intimate Portrait"** (McKay, $3.95), Henry Steele, the Swedish film star's erstwhile publicity director and one of her close friends, rehashes her matrimonial debacle, lacing it with personal reflections expressed in correspondence with the author during those dark Italian days.

Mr. Steele and Miss Bergman seem to be saying that the latter's trouble stemmed from a childlike naïveté engendered by the fact that, until she hit Hollywood, she had always been dominated and sheltered. Reared by an elderly, religious uncle named Otto, Ingrid was sensitive and shy; so much so that she retreated into herself and a world of make-believe, where, she says, "I could submerge all my inhibitions and play-act at being the things I was not."



Ingrid Bergman

Be that as it may, in due course the budding actress came under the wing of Dr. Peter Lindstrom, who, to test his muscles, put bricks

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in his knapsack when they went picnicking together. While the underlying reasons for the breakup of their marriage—which lasted twelve years—are but hinted at, Steele reports that Miss Bergman asked Lindstrom for a divorce three years before she fled, in March, 1949, to Rossellini. At that time she wrote, "I see in [Roberto] a reflection of my true self. . . . I feel as if I had found what I have been inarticulately searching for for a long time." His jealousy over her resuming her career independently of him (one is encouraged to assume) led to their divorce some eight years later. No longer cowed and submissive and trying to please, as in former years, but by that time "sharp and positive and unafraid," Miss Bergman then married Lars Schmidt, a Swedish theatrical producer.

In what is basically a tritely conceived book, Steele, knowingly or not, makes some telling points which go a long way towards relieving the tedium of his psychological striptease. One of these concerns the ordeal endured by Miss Bergman at the hands of Cholly Knickerbocker, Louella Parsons, *et al.* And, finally, there is the actress's eldest daughter making a declaration of filial forgiveness and love, which, by its mechanical wording, has a faintly brainwashed air. Sidelights such as these may make Mr. Steele's not very revealing revelation worth-while fare for those who are still concerned with Miss Bergman's amatory escapade.

—Iola Haverstick.

TOIL AND TROUBLE: Public Personalities are devoted to the principle of giving the public what it wants—otherwise they wouldn't be Public Personalities—and their books, generally, are either documentations of past miseries and failure, with an up-beat ending, or pretentiously good-natured reminiscences.

June Havoc

June Havoc, fortunately, has not written a standard Public Personality Book. It was not "told to" a career collaborator, and except for an occasional fanciness and a feminine addiction to adverbs, **"Early Havoc"** (Simon & Schuster, $3.95) is well written.

Miss Havoc, it is true, had plenty of trouble during her early years, but—too bad for her sales—it was not Big Trouble (dope, likker, nymphomania). And though the jacket copy describes "Early Havoc" as "racy, spirited, candid . . ." I found it to be rather bitter. Miss Havoc has not tried to make the grotesque seem amusingly eccentric or to sentimentalize the characters and episodes of her early life. For instance:

> Miss Guinan's famous girls were a mess. They had lumpy figures and looked dirty. Even the ladies of the evening, who behaved so wildly at the ringside in the early hours, I thought more attractive than these women.

The book's continuity is based on Miss Havoc's participation in a dance marathon, a terrible and sadistic spectacle that flourished during the depression years. In alternate chapters she tells of her life in vaudeville as "Baby June, the Pocket-Sized Pavlova," her marriage at the age of thirteen, and her subsequent unemployment when vaudeville collapsed. In these pages Miss Havoc presents a memorable and bloodcurdling picture of a stage mother (hers).

> Mother always cried when she was angry. It was a peculiar sort of weeping—wild, not sad. Little flecks appeared at the corners of her mouth, her lips curled. Her voice became gritty. I've never seen anyone else accomplish such furious weeping.

Although I had an important nine o'clock appointment I sat up until five A.M. finishing this book. What more can I say? —Roger Price.

FROM POINTS TO TV: Fred Astaire's autobiography, **"Steps in Time"** (Harper, $4.95), should have "the sparkle of the best champagne" (to quote the jacket blurb), for his past performances have always been of the rarest vintage. But what we are served here is decidedly tepid and flat. It is a particular disappointment to find his book is almost totally lacking in the debonair dash, wit, and sophistication usually associated with Astaire.

Astaire wastes no time in shattering the public image of himself: "At the risk of disillusionment, I must admit that I don't like top hats, white ties and tails." Then he proceeds with a breezy, informal account of his life that skims across highlights, lingers over a few mildly amusing anecdotes, and seldom attempts more than a one-dimensional self-portrait. Though words fail him, the twenty-four pages of wonderful photographs do convey much of the quality of his genius.

Fred Astaire's fabulous career began shortly after the turn of the century, when he and his sister, Adele, made their debut in a kiddie show. (Despite having been on his toes at the age of four, Fred can't recall any particular interest in dancing.) Since then, he has triumphed in vaudeville, Broadway musical comedy, motion pictures, and television.

Fred lost his first partner when Adele retired to marry Lord Charles Cavendish. Undaunted, he went on to conquer Hollywood in a series of nine spectacularly sucessful films with Ginger Rogers, but this partnership, too, was eventually dissolved. Though Astaire's description of these two professional crises may be candid, it hardly goes beneath the surface to explore the relationships involved.

The question that has tantalized Astaire fans for years remains unanswered. Refusing to single out any favorite, Fred has kind words for all his dancing partners. In fact, though he characterizes himself as "bad-tempered, impatient, hard to please, critical," one searches in vain for evidence of any such qualities in his book. The modest, unassuming, likable hoofer who emerges in these pages is not easily reconciled with the incomparable artist of "Top Hat" and "Funny Face."

Fred Astaire has this to say about "the dance": "I have no desire to prove anything by it. I have never used it as an outlet or as a means of expressing myself. I just dance." Whatever it is that propels those feet, may he keep on "just dancing."

—Arnold Dolin.

Picture credits for pages 14 and 15
Houdini: From "Houdini"; Ingrid Bergman: Warner Bros.; Fred Astaire: From "Steps in Time"; June Havoc: Arthur Murray

Fred Astaire

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For Men of Thought a Cerebral Expedition

The relation between determinism and free will, as governed by the atomic content of the human brain, is but one of the many puzzling aspects of life explored in ***"The Way Things Are," by P. W. Bridgman*** *(Harvard University Press. 333 pp. $5.75). A major—and controversial—study, the book is analyzed in the following essay-review by Arthur H. Compton, Distinguished Service Professor of Natural Philosophy at Washington University in St. Louis.*

By ARTHUR H. COMPTON

THOSE who, like myself, are concerned about understanding why the world is as it is and what their own relationship is to the world will find Percy Bridgman's account of how it all fits together full of stimulating thoughts and suggestions. The author is a physicist of the strictest discipline in this science. He is also a descendant of a long line of New England Puritans, a man whose reaction against the narrower religious doctrines is so complete as to leave no room for any taint of belief in what is not demonstrable, but in whom remains a conscientious insistence on the greatest possible precision and reliability of every statement. The result is a very illuminating analysis of the meaning of words, in which his concept of "operationalism," which others have joined him in applying effectively to physical ideas, is now used in somewhat modified form to interpret the meaning of statements having emotional and psychological content.

The author's analysis of language thus brings him into close contact with the psychological behaviorists, with whose mode of thought he has close sympathy. He concludes this discussion, however, with a recognition of a real difference. "It became evident that the behaviorists were not capable of talking my language . . . they almost of necessity lose part of the picture." This is because Bridgman believes that I can talk about my own thoughts, feelings, and purposes, because of my first-hand awareness of these phenomena, while one who observes me cannot know them except from the partial information that may show itself through my actions. Thus Bridgman accepts the view, more familiar to French than to American scholars, that our knowledge comes from two sources, observation and introspection. I am very pleased that he has brought this duality of our sources of knowledge thus sharply to the attention of our American men of thought.

I have found of especial interest the author's illuminating discussion of determinism and free-will. He accepts without reservation Heisenberg's conclusion stated in this form, "we know of no way of predicting the future behavior of such isolated systems [as a moving atom] from the most complete measurements we can make on their present condition, so that in this sense small atomic systems are non-causal or indeterministic." He argues also that even before advent of the quantum theory the impossibility of observing at one time the state of all the particles in any tangible portion of matter leaves the concept of a completely determinate future for such a system without any precise meaning. Thus, he is led to view the condition of matter as only roughly determined, and causality as at best a concept of only fuzzy meaning.

When he considers the relation between the brain and one's state of consciousness, however, Bridgman appears to become more deterministic in his thinking. First, he puts forward a hypothesis that corresponding to every possible mental state (thought, emotion, feeling, etc.) there is a precisely definable atomic state, *i.e.*, the state of every atom in the organism is completely specified. He estimates the number of possible atomic states of a person's brain as ample to account for his recognizably different conscious states, which seems to him to open the way toward giving "those physiologists and psychologists who want an 'organ of consciousness,'" the answer that they want.

BRIDGMAN does not attempt to defend this hypothesis against such conclusions as that of Henri Bergson in his "Mind Energy": "The mind's activity spills over the possible activity of the brain in every direction," but rather is led by the usefulness of his hypothesis of the correspondence of mental and atomic states to accept this hypothesis as reliable. He

Honestly! Some days there's just no propitiating him!"

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then presents evidence that certain states of consciousness may be associated with areas of the brain that include large numbers of atoms, and reasons that in such cases the statistical fluctuations of the quantum type should be of negligible importance. He thus would feel no dissatisfaction if there should be found an invariable correlation between states of consciousness and physical states of the brain, which would to him indicate a discovery in the brain of an organ of consciousness.

Having performed the imagined study of charting in parallel columns the mental states that occur when specific physical states or the brain are observed, he notes that if the future course of the atomic column is determined by its present and past states, the atomic analysis column is then completely deterministic. On the other hand, he anticipates that "the conscious experience column will not be at all deterministic, in that any given conscious state will correspond to many different atomic states, and may be followed by a multiplicity of future conscious states." He adds that "the concept of 'free-will' occurs only

(*Continued on page* 33)

Of Stress and Saucers

***"Flying Saucers: A Modern Myth of Things Seen in the Skies," by C. G. Jung** (Harcourt, Brace. 186 pp. $3.95), asserts that "ufos" are compensatory images projected by the frightened. Philip Wylie, who has commented frequently on Jungian psychology, quarrels with some of the Swiss psychiatrist's conclusions in this instance.*

By Philip Wylie

IN THIS volume Dr. Carl Jung, greatest of living psychologists, ruminates, from the standpoint of his science, on the probable nature of flying saucers and "ufos" (unidentified flying objects). It is a subject which has fascinated the erudite Swiss for a decade inasmuch as he finds a large psychic component in saucer-sightings. Similar objects, he points out, have been reported for centuries, in times of public stress. In the dreams of his patients and of other persons, as well as in modernistic paintings predating the quasi-religious "belief" in ufos, he finds further accounts and picturizations identical with or symbologically comparable with the vast variety of "saucers."

These sky-objects, whether reported in the past few years (of unprecedented danger and stress), whether painted thirty and more years ago, whether dreamed or historical, have countless analogues in legend, mythology, and those archetypal figures which, in Jung's master-theory, represent nonverbal projections of the fundamental aspects of instinct into the conscious mind.

From this he concludes that, although ufos may have a reality of some sort, they are mainly the result of instinct, acting in people terrified by the H-bomb age, in compensatory fashions. The ufo beholder and reporter, whether an individual or a group, is trying to allay fear and recover a sense of wholeness, hence security, by projecting into the sky images and ideas of superior (or godlike) powers come to rescue man from himself, or, contrarily, to punish man for (and afterward to cleanse man of) his folly.

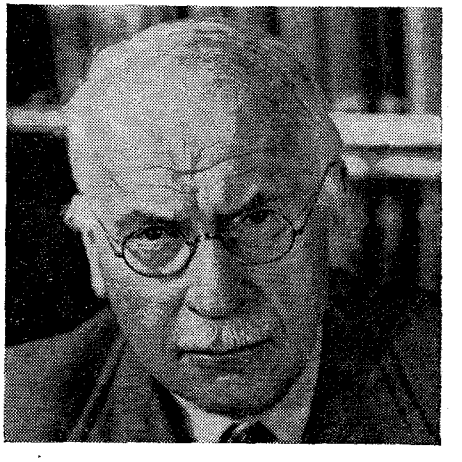
Others, including this reviewer, have made the same statement many times. The "saucers," in their incredible variety and with their nonsensical antics, represent what is commonly, if inadequately, called individual or mass hysteria. And, as Dr. Jung points out, the most "reliable" witness of a saucerian event is that super-calm, super-rational type of scientifically-oriented person, the engineer, airplane pilot, and so on who, by very reason of his intellectually-narrowed awareness, also is the human being most prone to hysteria—in its clinical, rather than its popularly-envisaged, form. That is a point believers in saucers should realize.

Actually, Dr. Jung is overgenerous in his concessions to people obsessed, owing either to direct visions or to printed accounts, by saucerism. The great psychologist puts too much store in radar "blips" without, apparently, being aware that such blips are common and altogether comprehensible. He has read all the material he could gather, he says, concerning saucers. It is plain, however, that he is unfamiliar with the immense amount of truly scientific nonhysterical, open-minded inquiry into the ufos, which has exploded them faster and more effectively than they have been able to move by their own "antigravitational" and other imaginary (utterly unscientific) works.

The final Federal inquiry into saucers, which should have satisfied all minds and does satisfy the minds of sensible people, involved a study of saucer reports selected at random and tracked down with patience. The study disclosed that *every* ufo sighting could be explained—as something seen but misidentified, as hysterical projection, as mere mendacious fraud, etc.—providing enough time, energy, and money went into the investigation.

No thoughtful scientist or informed layman doubts that other life-forms *could* exist beyond this planet, or that such life-forms *might* be more intelligent than ourselves, or that, conceivably, "they" *might* one day appear on or above the Earth. But there is massive evidence that no such event has as yet occurred and not one scintilla of physical proof that it has. Believers in saucers, however, like all devotees of any dogmatic faith, take that overwhelming negative evidence not for what it is—but prefer to consider it "proof" of the wild, outrageous notion that the governments of all nations are holding back momentous evidence that we are being visited from outer space.

DR. JUNG's book is more interesting for its asides—which brilliantly present his theories and, with them, explore the unconscious terror of modern men—than for its contemplation of the saucer-myth. We live, after all, in an age when tens of thousands can cram a Brooklyn park to see a little girl's vision of the Virgin and when thousands assert they see it—until a news photographer uses his camera to reveal that the "Virgin" is nothing more than a vaguely woman-shaped hole in some shrubbery. Such "seeing" is a phenomenon of the human mind that is commonplace, appalling, misleading, often very destructive—and one that the Swiss psychologist understands thoroughly.



Carl G. Jung—"overgenerous to people obsessed . . ."

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How Things Were in Connemara

"Seek the Fair Land," by Walter Macken *(Macmillan, 308 pp. $3.95) is a novel about the bitter seventeenth century in Ireland when men tried to find peace in a violent time. It is reviewed by Edward McSorley, author of "Kitty, I Hardly Knew You," a novel that will be considered next week.*

By Edward McSorley

WALTER MACKEN is a versatile Irish writer, accomplished in several forms and two languages, who is best known in this country for his play "Home Is the Hero." In "Seek the Fair Land" he turns his talents to the historical novel, but his is a novel that concerns itself with the human spirit and man's will to survive utter defeat and degradation.

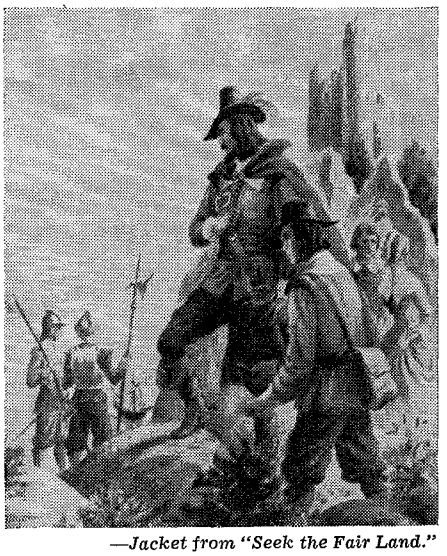
His story begins with the fall of Drogheda to Cromwell, which spelled the beginning of the end for the Gaelic world of the clans and chieftains, who were a century late in learning the arts of peace and war, which would, at least, have enabled the people to resist. Resist they did, but at what cost. They were like Haile Selassie's barefoot warriors hurling lances at Mussolini's airplanes.

Dominick MacMahon, a small trader, encounters and hides Murdoc O'Flaherty, a fierce patriot and fighter during the battle. Dominick's wife is later killed but he escapes the city with his daughter and son and brings with them in flight Sebastian, a hunted priest.

The little party crosses Ireland to the west, barely escaping disaster many times in country where the fanatical soldiery roams—killing, looting, and burning — and arrives in Galway. Here Sabastian leaves them and Dominick again meets Murdoc, now engaged in re-establishing himself as a clan leader. He provides the means for Dominick to get out of the city and into the wild country of Connemara, where he is the chieftain.

It is an engaging story and although there is excitement aplenty, the writing is controlled and restrained. At no point does Macken strain for the heroic, which, especially with the Irish, too often becomes the mock-heroic. The crudities and brutality are not all on the English side, the courage not all on the Irish.

Macken can tell the story well because he knows his people; he knows what happened to them during their terrible diaspora and he knows what makes their hearts beat. An enthusiastic vote for Walter Macken and "Seek the Fair Land."



—*Jacket from "Seek the Fair Land."*

"Like Haile Selassie's barefoot warriors."

Vagabond Queen

"Lola: A Dark Mirror," by Darío Fernández Flórez; *translated by Barbara P. Solomon (Signet. 255 pp. 50¢), written in the picaresque tradition, follows the dappled path of a modern Spanish courtesan. Alice M. Pollin teaches Spanish literature at Rutgers.*

By Alice M. Pollin

IN HIS introduction to "Lola," Darío Fernández Flórez disclaims "all responsibility for any similarity between the real people who live between these pages and those more or less fictitious beings who inhabit Madrid." This stereoptic view of real people may explain the failure to create living fictional characters. In his novel "Zarabanda," and the literary vignettes of "Crítica al viento" appears this same defect. His most imaginative and promising work, the play "La dueña de las nubes," strong in its dialogue as is some of "Lola," has directed the critics' hope for him toward the theatre.

Darío Fernández Flórez—"stereoptic view of real people."

Nine years ago "Lola" stirred a flurry of interest, indicated in three Spanish editions and a French translation. Exploiting the revival of the classical form of the picaresque novel, it gives an autobiographical, episodic, humorously melancholy account of a contemporary courtesan, wondrous in her beauty and gift for extracting money from dazzled men. In the picaresque tradition is the mystery that beclouds Lola's true parentage, but she does have two "adopted" families. Born in Almería and given the symbolic name of María de Dolores, she leaves the kindly orphanage to follow the customary trajectory through Andalucía—Ronda, Cádiz, Cartagena, etc.—all vividly, if briefly, drawn by Fernández Flórez and animated through the ebullient reactions of Lola and her colorful, earthy Gypsy "parents." When she arrives at that rogue's haven or heaven, Sevilla, at the ripe age of seventeen, she is well launched on her chosen profession. Hunger, serious illness, even morphine have not staunched her vitality.

To Lola, as to a true *pícara*, need and greed have become synonymous. In Madrid, the focal point of the novel, a succession of procurers, alcoholics, prostitutes, and their patrons help to enrich Lola, who becomes so "expensive" as to merit the epithet of "The Black Market Queen." There she meets Juan, an enigmatic, artificial, and vaguely-drawn figure, part bourgeois-realist and part adventurer-esthete, who does not love her simply but cherishes her as his dream of beauty incarnate. Through him she embarks upon a program of literary education, including recording her life's history and psychiatric treatment. Indeed, the scenes in the psychiatrist's office are among the most successful in their perceptive, cynical humor.

Lying on a single, tubular-chrome

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couch presents problems for Lola, and in turn she greatly irks the doctor by failing to respond "properly" to the "Rosas" test by finding not one lewd shape in all the ink blots.

Beginning her successful career in the Spanish Hollywood, she tenders herself to everyone, from producer down to but not including the cameraman, blandly remarking, "Most of our movies are made in bed." Finally she departs from the world, as mysteriously as she entered it, and the saga of Lola ends with the sorrowing of María de Dolores.

Lola lives again in the epilogue, a form of literary dialogue between the author and Juan, who comes with Lola's script in hand. Herein Fernández Flórez attempts to crystallize all the vague and largely unsuccessful hints of social, moral, and spiritual significance of his novel. One is bound to reflect on the classical genius of Mateo Alemán in the perfectly integrated picaresque masterpiece, "Guzmán de Alfarache" (1599), and the brilliant modern examples by Cela: "La familia de Pascual Duarte" and "El nuevo Lazaril lo." In a most felicitous translation, Barbara Probst Solomon has recorded the sense and sound of the Madrid argot and has been undaunted by the occasionally overelegant narrative.

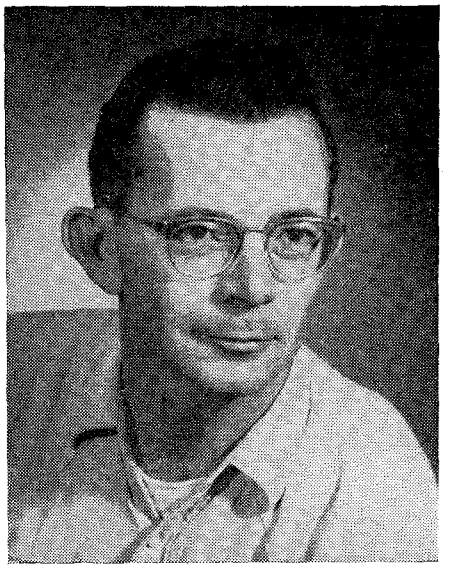
Road to Maturity

"The Hunt," by Richard B. Erno *(Crown. 220 pp. $3.50), tells of deer-stalkers in the North woods and particularly of a boy who grows toward manhood through the events that occur there. Maxwell Geismar, the author of "American Moderns," frequently writes about contemporary fiction.*

By Maxwell Geismar

RICHARD B. ERNO, a native of Michigan, is now a professor of English at Arizona State Teachers College. He has written a previous novel called "My Old Man," and what he does know very well indeed is the wild northern woodland of his childhood and youth. This is the background of the present book, whose ancient theme is that the sense of tragedy marks the advent of maturity.

During a deer-hunting expedition that brings out the deepest hostilities in a group of four men and a boy, Lige Glaspen, the native guide and spectator in the tale, sees revived the tragedy of his own past. His best friend was drowned in a boating accident in which Lige was not sure of his own moral responsibility. Moreover, as we discover in the series of flashbacks that parallel the forward action in the novel, Lige has married the woman who loved this dead friend of his youth, and the marriage has been a disaster. That is the reason for his present involvement with the "boy" of the hunting party, and his desire to protect him from the senseless cruelty and sorrow which have marked Lige's own life. But he can't.



Richard B. Erno—beauty and death.

The group of hunters are all teachers at the same high school, and one of them, Hub Johnson, drinks too much while he nurses his grudge against the crippled history instructor Eckert, who has flunked out a track star. Eckert is the intellectual of the group, and he refuses to be bullied by the stupid and athletic Johnson. He too is devoted to the boy, Bill, and he knows that Johnson has a still deeper source of anger at him. That is the fuel for the violent climax which occurs in "The Hunt" and which is set against the idyllic northern landscape.

There are traces of the early Hemingway (and of Faulkner) in all this, and in the deer-hunting, which combines beauty and death. However, I have never believed the romantic thesis that each man kills the thing he loves; and this novel doesn't quite achieve its true impact. Perhaps the central cast of characters is too mediocre for true tragedy, and the "boy" in the tale is hardly more than a symbolic figure. The best single bit of writing in the book is the description of the adolescent hero's revulsion at the sight of the dying buck he has shot. But is this really, as the novel implies, the true road to manhood? Well, maybe, if you want a world of hunters.

WITHOUT AJAX: The conflict in the life of a Greek-American family is the theme of this bold, heartwarming first novel, **"Lion at My Heart"** (Atlantic Little, Brown, $3.95), by Harry Mark Petrakis.

The setting is the steel-mill section of Chicago, and the story centers around Angelo Varinakis: widower, giant steelmaker, and hotheaded Old Country patriarch, who has brought up his sons with the image of ancient Greece before them and the firm hand of the Greek Orthodox Church beside them. But when Mike, the elder son, decides to marry an Irish girl in defiance of his father, fury and cruelty are unleashed on both sides, causing Tony, the younger son and narrator, to be caught in between, torn by loyalty and love as well as his understanding of the emotions that motivate each side.

Mr. Petrakis is a sensitive writer who understands his people and respects his characters. He shows, too, commendable control in his writing, building successfully to passages of great emotional intensity. But he has erred gravely in having his protagonist speak consistently like someone out of a Tarzan movie (". . . welcome to house of Angelo and sons. Time now for eat plenty, drink plenty, and keep full faces off floor") while everyone else—including the other Greek immigrants—has an acceptable command of English, or Greek, or whatever language the characters are meant to be speaking.

Still, it is to Mr. Petrakis's credit that in spite of this lapse he has succeeded in creating a vivid portrait of a man who ". . . could not bear that the heroes were gone. That Ajax and Achilles and Odysseus no longer hurled their lances and howled their great war cries before the ramparts of Troy. . . ." —MARJORIE HOUSEPIAN.

COUNTRY LIFE: Despite its title, Stephen Birmingham's novel, **"Barbara Greer"** (Little, Brown, $4.50), concerns a family rather than an individual. The Woodcocks, of whom Barbara Greer is the eldest married daughter, live on a gentleman's farm in Connecticut and own a paper mill in the nearby town. The late Grandfather Woodcock's dream had been to establish an American family in the "grand tradition," but, a frightened, cruel, stupid man, he has only succeeded in producing a self-pampering group whose lives depend upon an endless cocktail hour and who talk of "gracious living" beside a filtered pool.

Smoothly switching back and forth in time and space, Mr. Birmingham builds his story, which includes, among other things, adultery, suicide,

(*Continued on page* 32)

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Insight Into the Outbreak of War

"A History of Militarism: Civilian and Military," by Alfred Vagts *(Meridian. 494 pp. $7.50), details the political and military bacteria from which wars are bred. It is reviewed by Lynn Montross, the author of "War Through the Ages," a survey of international hostility from the battle of Marathon to the present day.*

By Lynn Montross

JUST as President Coolidge's pastor was against sin, so all right-thinking Americans are opposed to militarism. The trouble is that most of us have devoted more emotion than thought to a subject which Alfred Vagts has analyzed with thoroughness and objectivity in this massive survey.

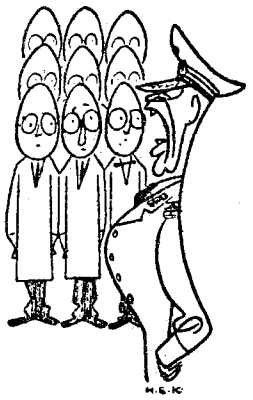
Originally released in 1937, "A History of Militarism" is well worth a second publication. The present edition is substantially the same as the first except for minor changes and two additional chapters. The author has not even taken advantage of hindsight in most instances.

After studying at the universities of Hamburg and Munich, Dr. Vagts volunteered in 1914 and served throughout World War I as a German enlisted man promoted to officer. He trained Weimar Republic troops to oppose Hitler in the 1920s, and has lived in the States for the past twenty years.

Militarism, of course, isn't confined to any one country, although it is always easier to recognize on the other side of an international boundary. Two of the pioneer exponents of modern militarism foresaw its dangers. "Will we always maintain our mutual defense by exaggerated armaments?" asked Napoleon III in 1863 after winning his first two wars. "Will we forever preserve a state that is neither peace with its security nor war with its chances of fortune?"

Nearly a century later, in our own day of cold war, these rhetorical queries are still unanswered.

Napoleon's conqueror, the elder Moltke of Prussia, recognized that the nation-in-arms, with its mass armies, was a threat to peace. Whether a country was strong enough to make war was not the question, he said. The real issue was whether its government was strong enough to prevent war.



—From "A History of Militarism."

"Two pioneer exponents of modern militarism foresaw its danger."

Eighteenth-century humanists had held that war would soon cease to exist if the people had the opportunity to decide for themselves. But the contrary proved true, as Moltke had predicted, in the summer of 1914. The people were more willing than their rulers to plunge headlong into Europe's first widespread war of the century since Waterloo. Even the frightful casualty lists of the first four months did not cool the warlike ardor of citizens in Western Europe who had the right of suffrage.

Now and then Dr. Vagts himself is taken in by the propaganda of militant nationalism. For instance, he accepts the French and British contention of 1918 "that the Americans paid a very high price in American lives and probably in Allied lives by their insistence on the preservation of their army's national identity and refusal to accept the Allied plan."

Actually, considering the abattoir tactics of French and British generals during the war's first three years, it might be argued more convincingly that the Americans saved lives by declining to be broken up and used as replacements for war-rotted units of their Allies, as Clemenceau and Lloyd George desired.

Dr. Vagts is a better critic of militarism than military operations, and his two new chapters are too opinionated to measure up to the high standard set by the others. On the whole, however, his well-documented survey is recommended reading.

Spy Suits Came in Grey and Blue

"Secret Missions of the Civil War," by Philip Van Doren Stern *(Rand McNally. 320 pp. $5), reveals its contents in its subtitle: "First-Hand Accounts of Men and Women Who Risked Their Lives in Underground Activities for the North and the South." Among Earl Schenck Miers's many books are "Guns of Vicksburg," "Robert E. Lee," and "Web of Victory."*

By Earl Schenck Miers

WITH dogged honesty, Mr. Stern admits at the start that as yet it is only possible to tell a fragment of the fascinating story with which his newest book is concerned. In 1953 the government at last released the secret-service files of the Civil War, but even the expert who explores these resources in the National Archives soon finds himself plunged into a forest of confusion. After patient weeks of hacking his way down a dim trail, he comes finally to an abyss over which any bridge of understanding, if it ever existed, has now completely vanished.

A case in point is Mrs. Frank Abel of Baltimore, who finally was repaid $28.50 for the men's clothing she bought as a disguise. What was she doing in this apparel? Again, whither is coming the patience to decipher secret messages that are in codes lost long ago? Who is going to cross-index, if indeed the knowledge can be discovered, the various aliases under which the same operator worked? These are a few of the frustrations to which any historian as good as Mr. Stern must confess. Time, energy, and perhaps even the limits of human ingenuity force him to dwell in the shadows of his subject.

As a result, Mr. Stern's new book is provocative rather than definitive, tantalizing rather than satisfying. Mr. Stern's method has been to interweave personal narratives into a continuous story, and as a result he has been forced to employ rather a loose definition of the term "secret mission." A prison break or Admiral Porter's floating a dummy gunboat

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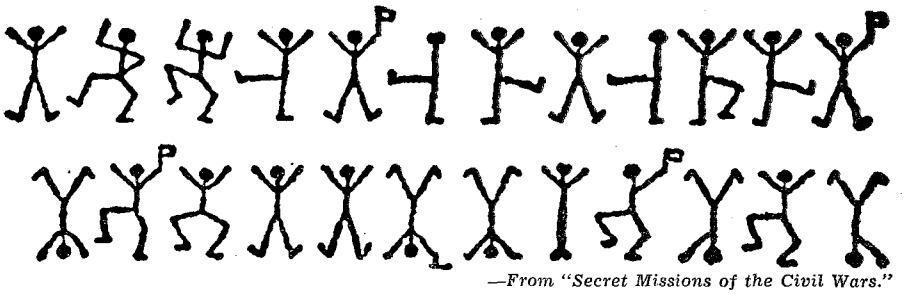
past the Vicksburg batteries is not quite the same texture as a Confederate raid on the banks of St. Albans, Vermont, or a Southern plot to burn New York City. With great skill the author annotates his selections, but these portions of the book are so far and away better than the first-hand narratives that one wishes Mr. Stern had told the whole story in the sprightly, incisive style that makes him a top-notch literary historian.

The Civil War buff will be familiar with many of the narratives included, but Mr. Stern's own comment will make rereading them a rewarding experience. And it is always cheering to have rescued from oblivion the ingenious S. Emma E. Edmonds, whose black-faced disguise almost betrayed her when it rained; yet such is the competition among Civil War books these days that considerably more of Miss Emma's story will be found in another new volume, "Noble Women of the North," by S. G. L. Dannett (Yoseloff, $5.95). Still, there are two themes at which Mr. Stern is a master—pursuit and conspiracy—and those parts of "Secret Missions

of the Civil War" that deal with Rebel raiders at sea or spies at loose on land gallop along under the whip of an experienced driver.

The role of espionage in our first modern war was much larger, and much more devilish in its intent, than the average American suspects. Hitherto books in the field have concentrated almost exclusively on the copperheads, but both official Washington and Richmond quickly learned this devious art. Mr. Stern throws a light on the whole range of underground warfare, and in this respect alone must be credited with a positive contribution in showing one large segment of the conflict where future research is vitally needed.

How much of the story ultimately can be told, especially concerning the astonishing variety of Confederate plots that were hatched in Canada beginning in 1864, is difficult to gauge. Records were destroyed when Richmond burned. A good deal of the story was never committed to paper, and dead men tell no tales. Yet in opening a peephole onto this dark underworld, Mr. Stern makes one fact abundantly clear: Both Yank and Reb upon occasion were willing to chance anything to win.



—*From "Secret Missions of the Civil Wars."*

The cipher used in "The Adventure of the Dancing Men."

NO BRUSH FIRE: Cyril Falls's extensive military writings have included "A Short History of the Second World War." During the war (and for some years thereafter) he was military correspondent of the *Times* of London; from 1946 to 1953 he was also Chichele professor of the history of war at Oxford. More important for present purposes, he served in the British Army during the First World War.

There is something of a challenge in his choice of title for his present workmanlike account of "old, unhappy, far-off things, and battles long ago." Between the Armistice of 1918 and the German invasion of Poland in 1939, the British called the earlier cataclysm "the Great War"; after 1939 it became "the 1914-18 War." Mr. Falls's adoption of the earlier label clearly indicates a desire to establish, or to re-establish, a proper historical perspective. The First World War was not a brush fire.

Ninety per cent plus of **"The Great War"** (Putnam, $5.95) is pure military history. Strategy and tactics are stressed, to the exclusion of the human and emotional factors: it is a little shocking to note a reference to "an artistic and sparkling battle." The personalities of top military figures, however, are closely examined; Pershing is accurately described as "capable, calm, determined, and hard-working," and it is certainly true that he "inspired more confidence than affection." Mr. Falls is fair, and highly acknowledgable, concerning American participation. He is fair all around, in fact, being far removed from the who-won-the-war chauvinist of any nationality who fails to appreciate that that question can be answered only when it can be determined which egg makes the dozen.

Of the "rank aftermath," Mr. Falls has little to say, which is proper; second-guessing, particularly with the answers supplied, has been no part of his plan.

> The roots of the blame [he writes] are too tangled to follow. Eventually it can all be traced to homo

(*Continued on page* 33)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

THE TITULAR HEART

Here is a cluster of book titles each of which contains the word "heart." Helene Nitzsche of Maquoketa, Iowa, asks you to link right author with right book. Answers on page 29.

1. Helen Howe	( )	"The Looking Glass Heart"
2. Susan Ertz	( )	"The Passionate Heart"
3. Paul Horgan	( )	"The Enchanted Heart"
4. Beatrix Beck	( )	"The Prodigal Heart"
5. Myron Brinig	( )	"The Cannibal Heart"
6. Eudora Welty	( )	"The Tattooed Heart"
7. William Sansom	( )	"The Reckless Heart"
8. Theodora Keogh	( )	"The Cautious Heart"
9. Sergei Maximov	( )	"The Restless Heart"
10. Margaret Millar	( )	"The Generous Heart"
11. John Lee Weldon	( )	"The Gallant Heart"
12. Kenneth Fearing	( )	"The Ponder Heart"
13. Catherine Hutter	( )	"The Common Heart"
14. Catherine Severn	( )	"The Riven Heart"
15. Genevieve Gennari	( )	"The Alien Heart"
16. Marjorie Worthington	( )	"The Naked Heart"
17. Susan McMasters and Albert Idell	( )	"The Whole Heart"

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The Power of the Novel

SIR C. P. SNOW, distinguished English scientist and novelist, believes that the intellectual life of the whole of Western society is being split into two groups: literary intellectuals at one pole; at the other, scientists—and as the most representative, the physical scientists. "Between the two," he adds, "there is a gulf of mutual incomprehension, hostility and dislike." The novel is the heart and center of our literature, and it continues to broaden its aspects so that it presents not only a history of our time, but the changing nature of our lives. Our novelists have ranged from comedy to tragedy, from realism to fantasy. They may even present a new aspect of American life, as Sinclair Lewis did when he discovered the barren aspects of small-town life in the Middle West and the unreality of what he called "Hobobohemia."

The two world wars in which we have been engaged altered for a time the quality and range of our fiction. After Germany was defeated in 1918 we had the Lost Generation, the young esthetes and novelists who fled back to Paris and the Riviera to write. An amazing number of them became excellent novelists after they had recovered from that strange mental aberration called "Dada," which was created by an elderly Pied Piper named Christian Tarza, whose principal object seemed to be to tear everything away from the past. Its effect was dynamic, for it opened new vistas where all the roads of exile converged. James Joyce's "Finnegans Wake" may be an extreme example of its effect on a great writer living for years in Paris, for this almost incomprehensible book appears to be the work of a man who was apparently both a genius and a madman. The American writers of the late Twenties and early Thirties—Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Thomas Wolfe, Dos Passos, Sinclair Lewis, and others—created the literary climate of the time, giving readers an awareness of an artistic mission based on the various aspects of human behavior.

The Second World War had a totally different effect on the young men who came back from the battlefields of Africa and Europe. Unlike their predecessors a quarter of a century earlier, they had lived through ten years of a severe depression, which left its mark on nearly all of them. Many of them wrote war novels, among them John Horne Burns, Alfred Hayes, Robert Lowry, Merle Miller, Vance Bourjaily, Norman Mailer, Gore Vidal, Paul Bowles. Most of their work has been labeled machine-made, for it lacks the perspective and narrow scope of the men who fought the Kaiser's war. They dealt with whole armies and divisions, and vast battles in which the individual was lost, or they wrote of the sad aftermath of defeat and hunger and fugitive sex adventures in conquered

Italy or North Africa. None of them could compare with Hemingway's "A Farewell to Arms," Cummings's "Enormous Room," or William March's "Company K" of World War I.

With few exceptions, including John Hersey and James Gould Cozzens and a few others of their stature, their postwar books attempted, like their predecessors, to create a new literary atmosphere. One critic looking back stated that "if the struggle of the new writers to make a dramatic affirmation of value could be plotted on a graph, the result would be a parabolic curve extending from zero to zero." It was not so much the result of the war but of the long, dreary depression in which these young men were brought up. They could not see the extraordinary wave of prosperity and energy that swept over the country after D-Day. They could not emulate Hemingway's virility, and regional literature had vanished, with the exception of William Faulkner's tenacious hold on the Deep South. But they could use violence, and the various manifestations of sex. After a young writer's single war novel, in which a dramatic plot was offered to him by courtesy of the U.S. Army, it was necessary for him to create characters and situations. Only a few of them could manage to do so effectively, though their obsession for sexual misbehavior and sadism had the power to shock a more or less innocent public. There was in addition an obsession for homosexuality, a subject that only a few writers in the past had dared or cared to use. Also, they profited by exaggerating our racial problems, Jew versus Christian, and especially the colored race versus the whites, in which more Negroes were lynched than in the whole history of the Ku Klux Klan and its predecessors. At its worst or its best it was lurid journalism.

IT is a long way from Sinclair Lewis's Hobobohemia centered in Greenwich Village and floating in alcohol, to the more or less sober Beatniks who have settled in San Francisco and in the slum areas of Los Angeles. A few years ago this astonishing fantasy of a life in which no one needs to work, or to believe in anything that resembled the "middle-class rat-race," came to life with the publication of Jack Kerouac's "On the Road," the fantastic tale of wild young men who dashed madly around the continent stealing Cadillacs, smashing cars, and carrying madcap young women for freight. Kerouac is now known by an increasing number of the Holy Barbarians, one of the names for the Beatniks. "Beat" is now far from a religion; it is becoming a Way of Life. The Grand Lama leaves his "pad" occasionally to converse with curious barbarians. Readers may wonder if this unholy nonsense can endure. It reveals at least the power of the novel. Did not Virginia Woolf write that a new art is needed and the control of a new tradition? —H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

HOW IT REALLY WAS

It was with gratitude and pleasure that I discovered you had assigned my book for review to so thoughtful a critic as Granville Hicks [*SR* May 16]. And I am appreciative of the many good things he had to say about it. May I, however, take exception to one minor statement, which I believe is misleading.

Mr. Hicks states: "It has often been said that Loeb was the original of Robert Cohn in that novel, and Loeb now makes it clear that the rumor was correct."

Although it is widely known that not only Cohn but also Brett, Mike, and others were ascribed backgrounds similar to those of us who foregathered in Pamplona, we were only in this *limited* sense "the originals" of the fictive characters portrayed in Hemingway's novel. Not only were we quite different in nature but we behaved differently. I had always supposed that Hemingway, in giving these characters our various backgrounds, was indulging in what to my mind was a somewhat grim sense of humor, not unprecedented in literature.

Thus in telling my story I was not concerned over a possible misinterpretation by my readers or even by the critics because Hemingway's warm letters, several of which I included in the narrative, make manifest that in his mind I was not Robert Cohn, nor anyone like him.

Consequently I had "no obvious" nor devious "desire to defend myself." On the contrary, my purpose and my concentration was to put down that episode of our youth so that it moved and lived "the way it was."

HAROLD LOEB.

New York, N.Y.

READERS' WEEPERS

Mr. O'Brien's "The Moving Finger Writes —But Who Can Read It?" [*SR* July 18] seems to conclude:

> The moving finger writes, and having writ
> Moves on
> Few can read the half of it
> And they will have it wrong.

WILSON D. WALLIS.

South Woodstock, Conn.

EXCELLENT CONTRIBUTION

The Editorial "Seeing Is Believing" [*SR* July 18] is an excellent contribution to our program, for there is no better assurance of success than to have the public start thinking about the 1960 "Visit USA Year" *now*.

HENRY KEARNS,
Assistant Secretary of Commerce.

Washington, D.C.

TAKE 'EM OUT TO THE BALLGAME

Responding to the suggestion contained in the editorial "Seeing is Believing," I would suggest that among the places of interest and other things which the 1960 visitor should see are:

1. A good baseball or football game
2. All of our top art galleries
3. And most of all, particularly for the visitor from behind the Iron Curtain and their satellites, a well-planned visit to our churches and our synagogues.

ABE SHEFFERMAN.

Washington, D. C.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Don't bother to outline a program—just criticize the previous administration."

ON THE ROAD

For whatever it is worth, I suggest the Skyline Drive and the Blue Ridge Parkway, beginning at Front Royal, Virginia, and ending at Gatlinburg, Tennessee, be included in any summer trip. If the whole drive takes too much time, even the drive from Front Royal to Afton, or from Afton to the Roanoke exit gives a good picture of our beautiful *gentle* mountains plus an example of a marvelous bit of engineering.

ELLEN BOWMAN.

Lynchburg, Va.

SATURDAY NIGHT USA?

In 1960, "Visit USA Year," I suggest that foreign visitors take three side-trips if they would like to see how Americans live.

The first should be to a middle-income suburb with its pseudo-Cape Cod bungalows and five-room "ranch houses." If the visitors choose a Saturday for their jaunt, so much the better, for they will glimpse the American Child at Play, the American Woman at the Supermarket, and the American Man at the Apex of Do-It-Your-Selfdom. And let's hope the visitors are drinkers because there is no more interesting place to watch American Adults at Play than in a bar on Saturday night.

The second should be to an industrial city something like my home town (population 55,000 more or less) where the immigrants of many countries have risen from the mill-hand level to businesses and professions and membership in the Chamber of Commerce. A town like this is a melting pot where the three mainstreams of ancestry—Irish, Polish, and French-Canadian—have blended to form a pool of typical Americana.

The third trip should be to the office of a small daily or weekly newspaper, the repository of the American right to know at the grass-roots level.

ALICE M. RYCHLIK.

Holyoke, Mass.

THE ORGANIZATION MEN AND WOMEN

I would like to suggest one additional experience. I believe a unique feature of American life is the volunteer organization, where people work hard and long, with no compulsion save their own conscience and good will, for the benefit of their community, state, or nation. The League of Women Voters and the P-TA spring most readily to mind, but there are others. Civic associations, fraternal groups, local Boy Scout committees, to name a few, [as well as] the many co-op nursery schools.

NAOMI YAGER.

Philadelphia, Pa.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Love Story

LOUIS MALLE, a French director who only recently celebrated his twenty-seventh birthday, has caused a considerable stir in Paris with "Les Amants," which will open here shortly as **"The Lovers."** The reason for the excitement is clear enough. Malle has done something rather rare. He has dealt both boldly and poetically with the story of a love affair; he has kept, it seems to me, within the bounds of good taste; and, at appropriate moments, he has been entirely explicit about certain of the more sensuous aspects of love. Something of a sexual revolution appears to be going on in the cinema, and Malle may well be one of its prophets. He seems almost frighteningly knowledgeable about the nature of physical passion, and, more important, he has found a way to be expressive in a medium which, for half a century, has been a prisoner of convention when it came to dealing with its favorite subject matter: the varieties of love.

Malle, who is the author of the screenplay as well as its director (it was taken from a novel, "Point de Lendemain"), had the assistance of that clever, subtle writer, Louise de Vilmorin, on the always spare and unsentimental dialogue. Malle received his training while working with Jacques-Yves Cousteau and Robert Bresson, and it is possible to see the latter's influence, particularly. There is the same ring of truth, a similar poetic realism. The story itself is a simple one; it is about a married woman of thirty, highly civilized, who finds herself suddenly, startlingly, transformed into a creature of love. The spark occurs under seemingly innocuous circumstances, when her car stalls on the road from Paris to Dijon, she is helped by a young archeologist, who drives her to her country home. In a matter of hours her well-regulated life is at an end. From there on it is only love and uncertainty.

But the telling of this story is a poem, a picture, about love, about the banked fires that lie within an individual. The face of Jeanne Moreau flawlessly mirrors the transformation of the woman. It is a cool, well-bred face that we see at first, the corners of the lips turned down in boredom and faint desperation. The eyes are quiescent, disappointed, but one senses that something wild lurks behind them, waiting for an awakening. The woman has had a cold, frustrating marriage, a child well looked after by servants and nurse-maids. Her husband is overly occupied with his work, and when he approaches his wife it is less with ardor than with jealousy. The jealousy is well founded enough, for she has found herself a lover in Paris, a polite, athletic, empty-headed rich bachelor. He helps fill the emptiness, alleviate the boredom. But she becomes as impatient with him as with her husband.

The young man who has aided her is invited to spend the night by the husband; both find themselves walking alone in the moonlight, and they meet—and it is at this point that Malle becomes most evocative. There is silence as they walk through a misty landscape, as they slowly turn towards each other for the answer to emptiness. There is a casting off of reserve, and their discovery of their need for each other. It is in these terms that the story is told, and one must compliment Malle for the way he avoids those moments that might cause the tell-tale sniggers of embarrassment in the audience. It is the always evident sincerity and seriousness, which protect against the sleazy and the sensational. Lovemaking there is, and it is as explicit as anything ever done before on the screen, but one senses that it is not shown for the sake of providing a cheap, vicarious thrill, but so that we may be privy to what Malle obviously considers the most meaningful and symbolic moment in the lives of two people. I was reminded of a story by de Maupassant called "Moonlight," in which a priest watches a girl and a boy commit what in his eyes must be an act of sin, and yet he does not disturb them, but walks away with the sense that he has, after all, seen the inscrutable workings of God. In "The Lovers," Malle has come close to seizing the ineffable. He makes acceptable, too, the fact that these lovers must leave their previous lives, and regardless of all the conventions they live by, set out together on another road. To do this in such a way that we are not shocked, but convinced, strikes me as a notable achievement. Does this mean that Malle is not only condoning adultery, but approving this well-known crime against society? Not at all; he has told a story as he has seen it, and followed it to its inevitable conclusion. The judgments, I fear, are up to us.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Prose and Conn.

STRATFORD, CONN.

THE American Shakespeare Festival Theatre and Academy's production of **"The Merry Wives of Windsor"** is relaxed good fun. In it directors John Houseman and Jack Landau have for the most part refrained from their sometime practice of embroidering individual moments and characterizations with their enormous ingenuities, and have trusted the farce's very stageworthy situations.

The play, reportedly written quickly at the request of Queen Elizabeth for another glimpse of Falstaff, represents Shakespeare at his simplest. Its principal plot concerns the stout knight's attempts to play the lover to two married women who consider it great sport to lead him on. And their game is justified because Falstaff has written both of them identical love letters. The major portion of Falstaff's discomfort arises from the painful hairbreadth escapes he negotiates when Mistress Ford's husband returns unexpectedly. And a nice irony is added by the fact that we also see Falstaff unwittingly tip Master Ford off in advance, and afterwards inform him of how he made his escape. It's a wise lover who knows the husband he's cuckolding.

The role of Falstaff is played most effectively by Larry Gates, who happily minimizes the too-obvious opportunities for bumbling fustian gargantuanism and instead lets us see a man of quick intelligence combined with the human weaknesses of vanity, and desire for the easy life. Thus he is a credible human being with a made-to-order vulnerability to the farcical situations Shakespeare has selected for him. When his life is in danger and Mistress Ford remarks that the laundry basket is not big enough for him, the pragmatic Falstaff pushes her aside and takes a neat dive into it. It is an aptly humorous demonstration that necessity is the mother of compression. And the antics of Claude Woolman as one of the poor porters who must carry this terrible load are side-splitting.

But the most fun comes from Falstaff's pained description of how he and the basket were dumped into the river.

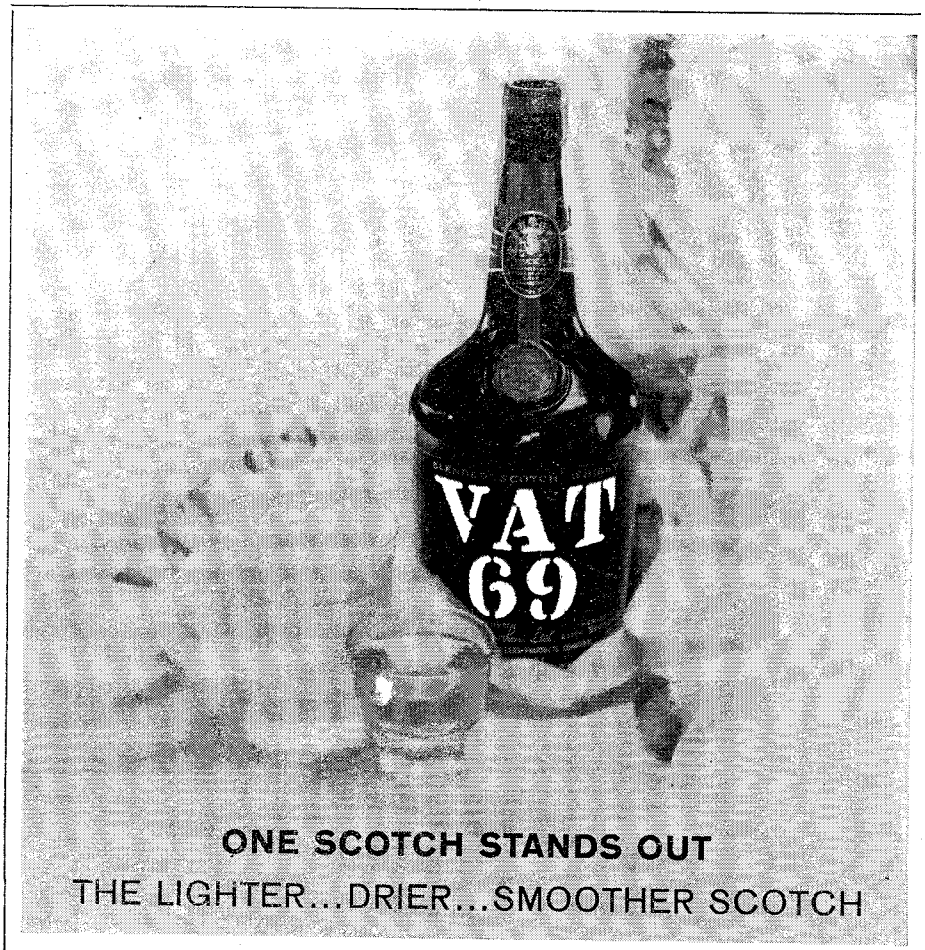
Hiram Sherman makes a delightfully "square" jealous husband, Sada Thompson a calculatingly wanton Mistress Quickly, and Frederic Warriner an entertaining shy suitor. Nancy Wickwire and Nan Marchand draw Mistress Ford and Mistress Page as a couple of straight women in a vaudeville turn. And the directors have invented a marvelously simple bit for Morris Carnovsky's French doctor, who when duelling goes through all the fancy routines with his foil only to have it knocked from his grip by a novice's elementary swipe.

While this is by no means a definitive production of this play, it makes an unpretentious and merry evening.

WHILE it might seem commendable to make each speech an action of a Shakespeare play logical and clear, it can in some instances also be ruinous. One such instance would appear to be "Romeo and Juliet," which of all Shakespeare's works most needs an atmosphere of irrationality. Indeed, if one thinks about it, the whole tragedy could have been avoided by common sense and better planning. But the audience does not want the tragedy avoided. They and the play's protagonists willingly project themselves out of the confines of rational existence and this release generates rhapsodic poetry.

Unfortunately, the ASFTA production of **"Romeo and Juliet"** is meticulously rational and while the story may never have been told so clearly, it may also have never been told so prosaically. This is a pity for there is a lot of good work wasted here. Richard Easton has made an admirable attempt to tone down his former empty effervescence, so that as Romeo he has advanced from being insufferable to being tolerable, if not very exciting. Inge Swenson's Juliet is full of teen-age naïveté and the ache of first love, but a member of the audience must be forgiven if he interprets her lovely sadness as a longing for a better Romeo. Aline MacMahon's nurse glows as an isolated but nicely orchestrated performance. William Smithers, in his successful attempt to make Mercutio virile and misanthropic, loses the richness of extroversion the character must have. And perhaps the most damaging thing one can say about this production is that Morris Carnovsky's tirade against filial disobedience is in volume and energy the summit of the show.

—HENRY HEWES.



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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Summer Season at the Palais Garnier

PARIS.

VISITORS to Paris whose access is restricted by time and circumstances to the summer months have become accustomed to the paradox by which the open season on tourists is the closed season for theatres, concert halls, the opera, etc. Unless they are insensibly devoted to opera, or ballet, or theatre, this is no monumental deprivation, for Paris is, in all circumstances, a city of superlatives—the most beautiful, the most varied, also the most expensive, of European capitals.

Even persons who have no active interest in opera or ballet are aware that the Opéra (to which the approved local reference now seems the prideful "Palais Garnier" in honor of its designer) is an historic structure. You can buy admission to its notable museum (and library) for a mere fifty francs, but this does not include access to the auditorium. The Viennese are more practical about such matters, for there are several guided tours of the reconstructed Staatsoper each day for an appreciable number of schillings per person. The Parisian visitor either has to take his sightseeing by peeping through iron gates, or by buying a ticket to a performance likely to be decidedly less memorable than the building itself.

This expensive alternative may soon be a thing of the past, for the Fifth Republic's Minister of State for Cultural Affairs (the well-regarded André Malraux) vows a "brilliant season" to run all through the summer months of 1960. Already an improvement on other postwar summer sessions has been apparent in a recent week's sequence that included "Le Chevalier à la Rose," "Damnation de Faust," and "Vaisseau Fantôme" from the singing personnel. Interspersed were evenings of dance by the ballet that ventured such substantial matters as Massine's "Symphonie Fantastique" and a revival of Ravel's "Daphnis et Chloe." Who knows, if this indication that Somebody Cares extends to other aspects of the Opéra they may even buy a real curtain to take the place of the hideous painted one which greets the early arriver.

After the Glyndebourne "Rosenkavalier," the stage of the Palais Garnier did not seem any less suitable for a Frenchified version of the Hofmannsthal-Strauss creation than, say, the Vienna Staatsoper would be for "Pelléas" in German. Its accordionlike resources accommodated themselves to the re-expression as successfully as they did to the previous compression. True, the pastel brush work of conductor Louis Fourestier tended less to mass than to Massenet, but the language made almost a new thing of the whole experience. One half hoped that a revised ending had been written on behalf of the realistic French, in which the worldly Marschallin would continue to fascinate the youthful "Octave," while Sophie went home and waited her turn to be worthy of such a glamorous creature as Count Rofrano.

Some part of this was related, no doubt, to the quality of the Octavian enacted (as well as intoned) by Suzanne Sarroca. She is that rare vocal bird, a mezzo with a figure, believable in pants, and with a brightly mischievous face for the maid. It would be stretching truth to call the voice distinguished, for it grates at the top. But there is strength through the range, and a lively sense of personality that invites curiosity as to the Sarroca Dalila, Marina in "Boris," and, perhaps, Carmen. Teamed with Janine Micheau (whose Sophie has been "out" too long to pass as a debutante, but who sings the music beautifully) the thirds and sixths of Strauss's writing came forth as cleanly as from a well-tuned piano.

Otherwise this was a "Rose" by even more than a different name, and not quite heaven-scent. By contrast with usual experience, one was inclined to smile at the Marschallin of Berthe Monmart (a rather motherly type) and feel sorry for the Ochs of Pierre Froumenty (much too benign to be capable of the lechery the script describes). Altogether, however, the work was of a decently professional standard, with some impressive first act tenorizing by Alain Vanzo, even if one couldn't tell if "*Di rigori armato*" was being sung in Italian or some more exotic language.

SO FAR as the ballet is concerned, promise of improvement has already become performance. This is altogether a better ensemble than the one which ventured a visit to New York's City Center in the late Forties, with a style of performance decidedly its own. This may strike the eye as immoderately soft and slack for the promenade to Chopin's "Military" Polonaise, which opens and closes its mélange in the "Sylphide" manner (the selection of music is quite different), but there are some delightful things in this "Suite de Danses." And, as disciplined by Massine in a revival of "Symphonie Fantastique" (with a freshly executed recreation of Christian Berard's magical scenery and costuming to complete the visual image), the company comes close to matching the best standards of its Continental neighbors.

Memory of a ballet not seen for nearly twenty years is hardly dependable but it appeared that in this "nouvelle version" of his symphonic masterpiece Massine has added details and filled in the design of the original. Or perhaps it was the big stage and the larger ensemble he had to work with than in the touring Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, which added scope and impact to the later movements: "Scène aux Champs," "March to the Gallows," and "Witches' Sabbath." The unique qualities that Massine imparted to his characterization of the Musician and Tamara Toumanova to the Beloved are scarcely within the range of Youly Algaroff or Christiane Vaussard, but both are performers of style and presence who will doubtless attain closer identification with their roles as time passes. After all, this was but the seventh performance of "Symphonie Fantastique" in this revival. It is not unreasonable to suppose that the seventeenth, or the seventieth ("Suite de Danses" was having its 316th performance on this occasion, and the next time the evening-ending "Palais de Cristal" is given will be its 100th) will add validity to the judgment which decreed its choice for this company.

FOR Balanchine's treatment of Bizet (known in this country as "Symphony in C"), principal roles were assigned to Marjorie Tallchief (the able, equally Osage sister of Maria) and George Skibine. As well as being her husband, the onetime "juvenile" of the Basil troupe is now ballet master in Paris, with responsibility for all the dance matter of the opera productions as well as its independent activities. Should he add more of the durable works of Massine to the company's repertory he would give Americans even greater cause for applauding the decision to expand the summer schedule in Paris. Or, for that matter, for welcoming its appearance in their home towns when the Paris Opéra Ballet decides to go touring.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

On a C-Note

PORTLAND.

IT seemed only the other day that we were listening to the Belgians explain the detailed plans for housing everybody who wanted to visit the Brussels Exposition. Then we were buzzing off ourselves for the preview and then stopping by again for a midsummer look when the fair and the crowds were in full flower. Hardly was another season upon us before the Russians came to New York like a battalion of hard-riding Cossacks bringing an exhibit of culture and progress. Simultaneously, it seemed everyone we knew was off to Moscow to help bring our exhibits to them. Having made our Moscow trip this year, back when the snow was on the onion domes of St. Basil's, and having tramped through the New York Colosseum to see what the Russians had brought over for us to look at, we headed off in the opposite direction the other Sunday morning, soaring off to a giant fair in Oregon, a state which is spending the summer celebrating its first hundred years of statehood.

In Portland, city of the roses, big medallions circled with garlands of metal roses were hanging from the lamp posts, taxi drivers were all wearing short, stubby ties advertising the Centennial, and a few store windows were decorated with some leftover signs reading: Mustache Wax. So many citizens had taken to growing Centennial beards and handlebars to match, that the city suffered a severe shortage of pomade. We went to Jake's to mangle our hands over a pile of crayfish soaked in a spicy sauce, tumbled unexpectedly into the opening of a new Trader Vic's, bringing Vic's special brand of dark-rum exotica to the new wing of the Benson Hotel, and those pleasant duties dispensed with, went off to the fair.

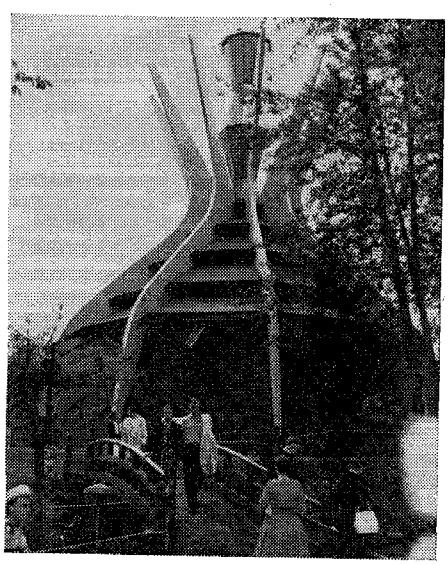
If you will take the word of the local drum beaters, the Oregon Centennial Exposition, mounted on a trim riverbank plot of some sixty-five acres, is the largest exposition to be held in the U.S. in 1959, the greatest fair held in the West since the San Francisco World's Fair of 1939, and the first world-wide fair ever held on the Pacific Coast. The trade fair is sort of a separate entity, which is housed in an eleven-acre shack, the largest single-level exposition building in the United States. Twenty-three foreign nations are exhibited in the trade-fair section, and among the least expected entrants are Ghana, Bulgaria, and Yugoslavia. The Ghanians are entered in their very first exposition. The Bulgarians have brought over Bulgar wines, Bulgar paprika ("a pleasant, scarlet-colored vitamin C-rich condiment"), Bulgar tourist propaganda (including an exhortation to visit the annual Plovdiv International Fair), all of it perfumed with rosewater sprayed by a perpetual fountain. Morocco, another new nation, has, for reasons that seem to confound even the fair's management, established a huge exhibit in the form of a Moorish house. On sale are the traditional pointed toe, no-heel slippers; stuffable ottomans; and pungent leather billfolds. So many things are being offered for sale by foreign exhibitors that United States Customs has set up a temporary bureau at the fair, and taking advantage of the space gets in one fast unexpected plug for itself: "Rest Your Weary Feet," says its sign, "Courtesy U.S. Customs."

Even more effective than this gallant diversion by U.S. Customs, once the bain and the bugaboo of the travelers' existence, are the merchants of those overstuffed relaxing chairs. Scattered throughout the trade-fair building, they woo the footsore fairgoers with offers of comforting restful interlude, sit them down, lean them back, tilt them upward, send heat wafting through their tired muscles, set hidden vibrators gently to rattling the bones. Then with the client supine and nearly hypnotized, they move in for the gentle sell. Frequently the footsore fairgoer is so near nirvana that the words fall on ears long since lost in ecstasy.

One of the most entrancing exhibits within the large trade-fair building is the Cameo Home of Ideas. Not constructed as an integrated home, but rather as a collection of notions, the Cameo Home gives some startling prophetic views about how Oregon, and for that matter the rest of the Northwest, might be living in the first part of the second hundred years. For one thing the house contains a two-car, one-boat garage, in deference to the nation's booming interest in small boats. The phone of the future has push-button dialing, and comes complete with a small screen for a simultaneous look and listen at the caller. The charcoal grill has moved inside the kitchen and living rooms may have—as this one does—a carpeted ceiling with neon tubes making lighted squiggles overhead. TV has been squeezed almost flat, and many of the cumbersome intestines of the machine have been placed in a separate box below the screen. There may be a return to conversation: the Cameo Home shows a sunken "Conversation Well," a big, carpeted rectangle sunk three feet below the level of the floor. Conversationalists reach it via a short stairway, sit along its carpeted benches, loll on pillows on the floor. Off in the corner of the room, on the main level, is a gas fireplace burning a functional, clean-line, fifteen-jet flame.

TOMORROW'S house has an eight-sided step-in bath with toilet facilities in a separate cabinet where better European hotels have been putting them for years. The bed is round and TV hangs from a wall bracket. Tailored to the Northwest climates, the outdoor swimming pool is encased in a huge plastic bubble that is kept inflated by a hot-air blower. Bathers enter and leave through a see-through zippered curtain. In the yard, on its own pedestal, is an extension phone sheathed in a clear plastic cover.

Transparency being the order of tomorrow, the Centennial Exposition is also displaying a transparent lady on loan from the Oregon Museum of Science and Industry. This see-through sister talks and turns and lights up on command. Cloaked in nothing more modest than a clear plastic skin, the lady was made in Cologne, Germany, at a cost of $12,500, and is one of five in the country. She was cast from the mould of a twenty-eight-year-old woman, whose identity, for propriety's sake, is being kept secret. The lady's nerves are yellow, her arteries are red, and her veins are



The Fair's Hall of Religious History

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blue. She contains hundreds of feet of lighting wire and thirty tiny bulbs. Her conversation is all very clinical, starting on a note of restrained familiarity with, "Hello there," and ending with a daring, "As we say at the Museum, 'Sizzling Satellites, but Science is Fun!' "

Among the unscientific displays that are fun, too, are the romping seals, which have been imported from Oregon's "400 miles of air-conditioned coast," and the trout pool, where anyone can latch onto a fourteen-inch fish at fifty cents the catch. Cowboys and Indians, both of which figured largely in the early days of Oregon, have been rounded up in force. The cowboys inhabit a large preserve known as Frontier Village complete with banks, trains, saloons, and girlie shows. Flap Jack House flaps jacks made of real sourdough, stage coaches rumble through town at a quarter a ride, the Can-Can girls whoop and wiggle at the Golden Nugget, the pantywaist Pink Garter sells pink lemonade, and signs on the houses advertise "Hanging Tonight," "No Horses Inside," and other news and blandishments of the day. There has been a real wedding at the make-believe church (one of the itinerant cowhands got lonely and sent for his sweetheart), and there was a near crisis when some of the youngsters took to swilling some of the near beer. It all ends in a boisterous shoot-out every hour or so with the villain trying to rob the train, the marshal coming to the rescue, and some Dastardly Dan winding up in the clink. During the shootings the U.S. Army 1st Cavalry, Oregon Territory, which has an oldtime outpost in Frontier Town, never looks up from its main business, which is recruiting.

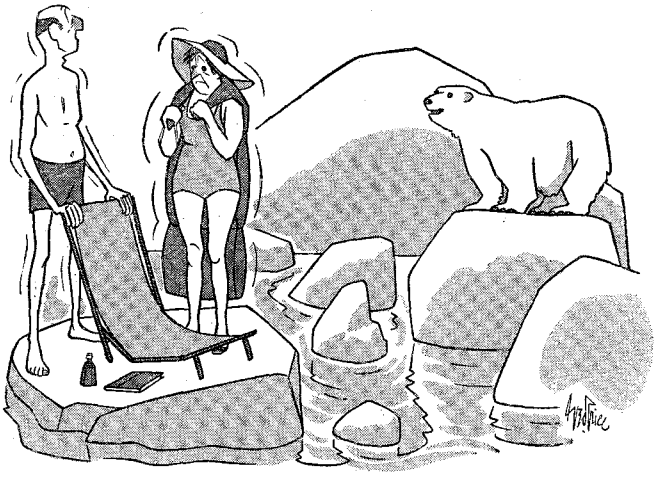
AS FOR the Indians they are Umatillas, and they have pitched twenty tents or so not far from the cowboys, where they walk about in blue jeans, hanging their wash to dry on clothes lines strung between tepees, and performing tribal dances twice each day. Just before the opening time the other day, they were gathered in the Indian museum under portraits of some of their ancestors, who I presume answered to their labeled names: Fish Hawk, Willie Wokatsie, and Poker Jim, to mention merely three, deeply engrossed in the machinations of Amos and Andy, who were occupying morning time on a portable television set stashed among the totems.

While munching a waffle dog on a stick or "bar b q" beef sticks or wun tuns, or even green cotton candy, visitors can prowl through a portable log house built inside a California redwood, gawk at and consider buying a Finnish sauna ($980), or watch a pioneer sawmill brought around the Horn in 1865 at work. Lumber being the biggest payroll in the state it is small wonder that the centerpiece of the fair is the Forest Products Pavillion, a startling wooden winged bird that is seven hyperbolic parabaloids hooked together. Its most startling occupant is a free-wood sculpture called The Monarch, by Manuel Izquierdo, a towering pile put together of thousands of free-shaped wood pieces. A model of the same sculpture—it surprised me that Mr. Izquierdo could duplicate it, much less copy it to scale—is in the Portland Art Museum.

While Centennial visitors have been working their way to the fairgrounds by special bus and by the old Centennial Queen, which cruises out from Portland down the Willamette River, an elaborate cavalcade of covered wagons has been trundling across the States on its way home. The carefully chosen cast of characters who man it moved out from Independence, Mo., in April, with Harry Truman throwing out the first tally ho, or whatever it is they say on television to get a covered wagon rolling. Following the route of the original homesteaders, the wagons were due in Independence, Oregon, the middle of August.

THE old Oregon Territory was organized on August 14, 1848. Abraham Lincoln was asked to be governor of the Territory but he declined, as some historians say, because he felt the remoteness of the area would not suit his political ambitions. But long, long before, in 1579, Sir Francis Drake had sailed the southern part of the state and had named it New Albion. Spaniards landed in the northwest 200 years later, and then came the omnipresent Captain James Cook, busy with the sea otter fur trade with China. The first American came the next year, in 1779, landed by ship. And a year after Jefferson's Louisiana Purchase came Lewis and Clark forging ahead from St. Louis clear to the mouth of the Columbia. Congress ratified the Oregon State Constitution on February 14, 1859, and by June 3rd, the Congressional proposal to admit Oregon to the Union was accepted by the state.

Now to celebrate the first hundred years Pony Express riders are carrying the Oregon mail within the state borders all summer long. Fish frys, cattle drives, gold pannings, pageants, and boat trips are being held all over the state. A lady of seventy years and then some is walking the Oregon Trail



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too; having started after them, she was at last look ahead of the wagons. The township of Banks is holding an International Muzzle Loading Turkey Shoot and Buffalo Barbecue, and by way of celebrating, over in Fossil, Ore., there is to be an International Porcupine Race. The Portland Centennial had invited a whole posse of French cowboys over, but that fell through and visitors will have to be satisfied with the Takarazuka Review, Harry Belafonte, and Lawrence Welk.

Lest anyone be left out of the birthday party, a Centennial Van of History is touring the state, stopping at every town with 2,000 population or more. The thing is stuffed with all sorts of things to thrill an Oregonian and to give the kids a sense of their pioneering heritage. Among the van's items is the actual tomahawk that killed Marcus Whitman, an early-day missionary who helped open the territory. At the edge of a new hundred years Oregonians could reflect that one century's tomahawks were another century's strontium. If you could survive the perils of tomorrow there would be carpeted ceilings, sunken conversation wells, and a swimming pool covered by a heated balloon just alongside the two-car, one-boat garage.

—Horace Sutton.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 5, 4, 16, 2, 10, 8, 14, 7, 9, 12, 17, 6, 3, 15, 13, 11, 1.

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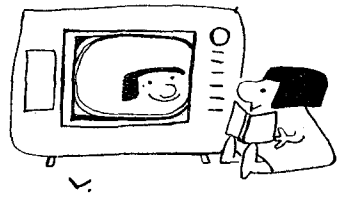
TV AND RADIO

The Corporate Private Eye

THE CHARM of the private eye on radio and television (as in the other popular fiction forms) has traditionally been his rugged individualism. In a world of growing institutional self-aggrandizement (police bureaucracy or crime syndicate) the lone man with the gun, battling against overwhelming odds, has represented to audiences, consciously or unconsciously, the unconquerable identity of man in society. Mickey Spillane's Mike Hammer put it primitively but eloquently to Police Captain Pat Chambers in the book "I, the Jury," when he said: "You're a cop, Pat. You're tied down by rules and regulations. There's someone over you. I'm alone. . ." Alas, even this doubtful lone-wolf charm in the murder and mayhem department seems destined to surrender eventually to the corporate state of things. "77 Sunset Strip," ABC's popular crime-jazz program, and "21 Beacon Street," NBC's new imitation, are the trend-setters.

Take the "Strip." This hour-long



program follows the weekly business adventures of Bailey and Spencer, a pair of private investigators who are associated in a partnership. Sherlock Holmes, I believe, was an amateur in crime, in the true sense of the word: he was a man of independent means. Before television, contemporary private eyes hardly ever had more than two suits to their name and their offices were mere holes in office-building walls. Bailey and Spencer have a suite and a switchboard operator with a Continental accent. They are always "handling" more than one case at a time, and their cars are expensive. In a recent episode Bailey was seen studying a spectroscope and dictating a letter to his secretary. He informed a client in impeccable *businessese* that "the documents have been tampered with, and I recommend an investigation as soon as my partner returns from San Francisco."

The junior-executive private eye image in Bailey's case is complete with a girl friend who is "an advertising copy-writer."

In "21 Beacon Street," the organization private eye arrives in all its twentieth-century capitalistic fluorescence. Private eye Dennis Morgan's establishment is a posh contemporary-Colonial mansion.

Dennis is the corporate brain-power, but his team covers the waterfront of hierarchical support. The sex in "21 Beacon Street" is provided by a brunette with a Ph.D. The legal department is a graduate of Yale's Law School. The muscle-man is *practical*: he knows how to dummy up bullets and slip knockout drops into liquor bottles. In their first performance, the team held a brain-storming session around a polished conference table. Their problem-solving know-how was applied to the desperate situation of a witness marked for "rub-out" by a mob. The solution was to make the mob *believe* that their executioner had accomplished his mission, whereas the victim actually lived on, in Arizona, under an assumed name. Such sound thinking required careful team-work, however, which was beautifully delivered. The Ph.D. decoyed the imported killer to her elegant apartment. The muscle-man's drops knocked him out. The brain and the lawyer watched while the truth-serum was administered to the gunman, and he revealed the tactics of his murder-plan under the influence of the drug.

THE police were there all the time, of course. Actually, the D.A. had *appealed* to "21 Beacon Street" to furnish the protection to the witness, which the machinery of the law was unable to provide. With good corporate grace, the team left the climactic shooting of the hired mobster to a representative of the D.A.'s office. Not for "21 Beacon Street" is the brand of antagonistic cooperation exhibited by Perry Mason to Hamilton Burger, District Attorney. Here was the management revolution at its best manners, displaying corporate power with social responsibility. If the new corporate private eye image proves as "cool" to teen-ager viewers as "77 Sunset Strip," then I'm afraid the individualist is through on TV. For, with imitation following success, this revolution will not stop at private eyes. Ultimately, even the Western must fall. In the end—"Have Gun—Will Travel, Inc."

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

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An Upright Look at Lambaréné

***"Days with Albert Schweitzer," by Dr. Frederick Franck** (Holt. 178 pp. $4), removes the halo from the "Grand Docteur," revealing a man who is indeed great but averse to the low bow. Jerome Hill was producer and director of the 1957 Academy Award-winning documentary film "Albert Schweitzer."*

By Jerome Hill

DR. FRANCK'S book will do much, I'm sure, to satisfy the curiosity of the very considerable public which demands first-hand information about Dr. Schweitzer and his hospital in Africa. So many travelers returning from Lambaréné speak or write as if they had fallen under a spell somewhere along the Ogowé River. Many of them are even willing to admit to this. The answers we get from them only give rise to further questions.

Here is a man who seems admirably equipped to enlighten us. He went to Gabon to work. He brought to the place and to the job that he was to hold there (that of a dentist) no particular *parti pris*. He stayed longer than a few days. He has a sense of humor. He can write. And he can draw!

"Days with Albert Schweitzer" is not a long book. Having explained the reasons for his going out to Africa and the manner of his reception there, Dr. Franck takes the reader by the hand, so to speak, and leads him through the jungle community, introducing him to the hospital personnel, the landscape, the "People in the Landscape" and the "Animals in the Landscape," making keen observations and relating amusing anecdotes, which in this first part of the book reveal only indirectly the ever-present spirit of the "Grand Docteur."

Primitive people, like children, dislike the direct approach. Dr. Franck demonstrates how someone who can draw has a great advantage in easing his way into a shy community. He feels deeply about the natives, whom he observed and drew and later treated. The reader, in turn, learns to know them and to understand them, both from the writer's descriptions and from his sensitive line drawings. Only toward the end of the book does Dr. Franck turn his full attention to his central figure, in a chapter called "Schweitzer Without a Halo."

The substance of all this, to be sure, has been given before in other books. What is so different and so refreshing about Dr. Franck's account is that he looks at Schweitzer without idolizing him and writes about him without reverence. There it is—it's that word "reverence"—such an unsatisfactory equivalent for the original German *"Ehrfurcht"* in Schweitzer's famous phrase, *"Ehrfurcht vor dem Leben,"* or "Reverence for Life."

I have always felt strongly that the indirect connotation of the English word "reverence" is largely at fault for the aureole of pietism that has grown up (especially in the Anglo-Saxon world) around this very good, this very great man, and has ended almost by victimizing him. The French have translated *"Ehrfurcht"* as "respect." That would make it "Respect for Life" and this is perhaps too cold in English—too detached. Into our word "reverence," however (which originally meant "profound respect, mingled with love and awe"), has crept a secondary meaning that implies an obeisance, an emotion felt by a being on a lower level for someone or something on an exalted plane. The obeisance, the curtsy, the low bow, are absolutely foreign to Schweitzer's thinking and feeling. If we remember that reverence means "respect mixed with awe and wonder and love," then "reverence" is all right. This kind of reverence is the very essence of Dr. Franck's book.

—From "Days with Albert Schweitzer."

Downtown Lambaréné—"only indirectly the ever-present spirit of the 'Grand Docteur'."

ADVENTISTS AND PAGANS: An engrossing account of selfless devotion is told in **"Light in the Jungle: The Thirty Years' Mission of Jessie and Leo Halliwell Along the Amazon,"** edited by Will Oursler (McKay, $4.50). This truly dedicated pair of medical missionaries spent three decades in the Brazilian bush, visiting near and incredibly distant pagans to cure their bodies before urging their minds down the spiritual path of the Seventh Day Adventists. With scanty mission funds they built a boat to take them up the forest's waterways, carrying a good stock of drugs, a projector with slides, and a harmonium (the saxophone came late), and they treated everything—leprosy, malaria, trachoma, plain and fancy childbirth—while inculcating as best they could the practical tenets of hygiene, cooking, and what Christians know as morals. The tables were turned on them once when they discovered that one mother was always about to give birth when their boat arrived at her outpost—primitive planned parenthood it was. And on another occasion, when an Indian father brought his son for treatment, the Halliwells told him that when the rooster crowed in the morning he should give him (the son) a good shot of castor oil. The rooster was given the oil and died, but the son recovered promptly.

The reputation of these good people grew in the jungle until both the Brazilian government and the mother church back home contributed to a fleet of medical mission boats, but the Halliwells still had their troubles among the more savage witch doctors, whose nostrums consisted of cockroach tea, elixir of dog dung, and worse. Jaguars, wild boars, and snakes had no respect for them, nor the frogs, which, by thousands, would break up

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their prayer meetings. They went up the River of Death and the River of Doubt, making friends with no obvious efforts towards proselytizing or professional piety, although, humbly, they did call many of their achievements miracles, discounting their own mechanical and medical skills. Among these should have been more imaginative photography and the drawing of a map. This is a good book to revive one's faith in faith.

—HASSOLDT DAVIS.

ONE MULTIPLIED: Books by American women who have followed their husbands to far-off places currently abound on all sides, but **"My Heart Has Seventeen Rooms"** (Macmillan, $3.50) is one with a singular and most endearing difference. Carol Bartholomew does not give us the comments of an observer so much as the reactions of a participant, for she was indeed an active participant in the life around her in the North Indian town where her engineer husband was helping to build a dam.

The mother of three small boys, Mrs. Bartholomew took advantage of the unaccustomed luxury of numerous servants to spend her days as a volunteer in the local hospital. The seventeen rooms of the book's title are the rooms of this small provincial hospital, in which she started out, uninvited, to apply her knowledge as a medical social worker. As her Indian colleagues realized that this was no casual, temporary interest, her responsibilities were rapidly enlarged; by the time she left India, almost three years later, she was playing a major role from operating-room assistant to general trouble-shooter. Her book is focussed largely on the hospital: on the devoted and tireless doctor who headed it; the patients crowded into its busy wards and spilling over into the courtyard; the families of the patients who must stay with them and supply them with the food and care which the hospital is too poor to provide.

Among Mrs. Bartholomew's many remarkable qualities is that she makes no claim to omniscience about India, its people, or its problems. Yet from her work at the hospital she derived a rare understanding of that land. She also refused to take the easy way, which claims that individual effort is pointless in the face of the enormous job to be done:

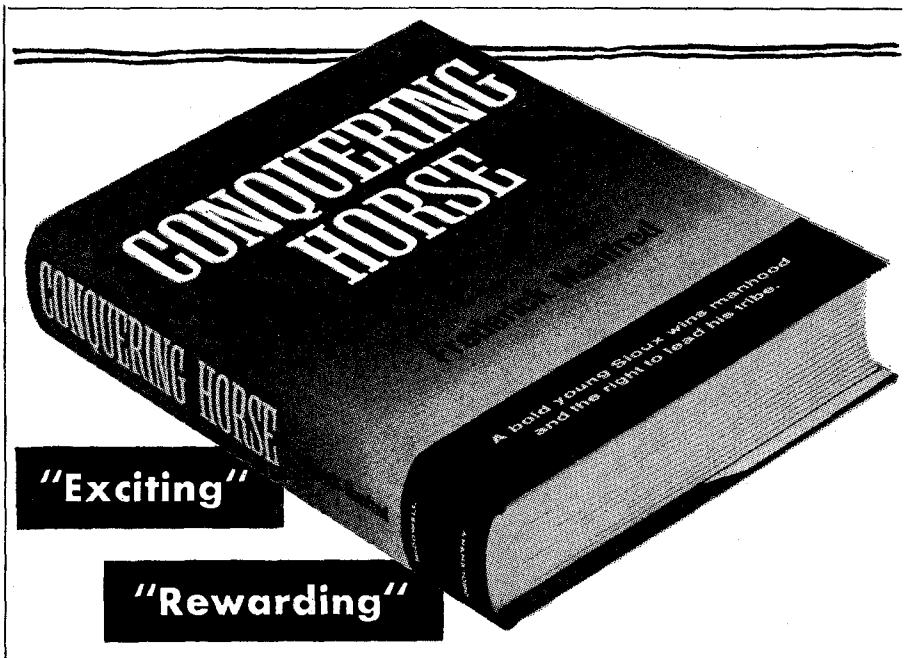
> People don't seem to realize that the sufferings of many are just the sufferings of one multiplied. It is only by helping the individual that you can eventually help the mass. . . . So, although I think a great deal about the larger problems of poverty and disease, I try to concern myself mainly with individual cases, where a little aid goes a long way, and I can do something.
>
> —JEANNE S. MINTZ.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 842

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 842 will be found in the next issue.

COP NAB MFCOPXH
GFCPXDFKH TAX F
CPGSKP, FEW COPE LOPE
OP DH CODXCB
RAERKZWPH CA NZDKW
F LAAWHOPW.
—OPEXB COAXPFZ.

Answer to Literary Crypt No 841
Criticism strips the tree of both caterpillars and blossoms.
—RICHTER.



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—PAUL ENGLE, *Chicago Tribune*

Conquering Horse

$4.95 at all bookstores

McDOWELL, OBOLENSKY

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Fiction

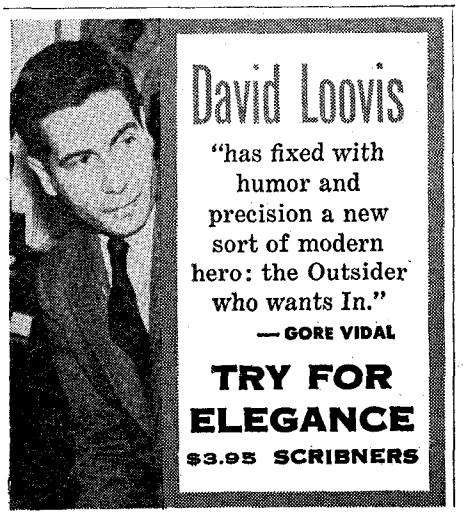
Continued from page 19

dipsomania, and murder. Yet the characters remain curiously manicured and static, like porcelain figures, and totally fail to understand the kind of family role that Grandfather Woodcock had intended them to play. Or perhaps it is the author himself who doesn't understand. In any case, the wickedness and weakness of the Woodcocks does not seem an indictment of New England family tradition because the trappings—silver evening dresses, coiffured hair, beige silk shoes, and pompous flower arrangements—more closely resemble the North Shore of Long Island than anything else. —ELIZABETH BAYARD.

ENGLISH IDYLL: Basil Davidson's **"Ode to Young Love"** (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50) is a compelling novel, highly imperfect but memorable: ultimately an artistic failure, yet of greater impact than many works of higher artistry.

Its astringency derives largely from a plot with ironic background. Lindy Wellin, an illegitimate, unwanted child in an English village, tells of her growing love for Jacob, an equally unwanted, undeveloped young Heathcliff. The hideaway in the woods and the plans to escape to Australia are treated with a convincing dignity that suffuses the whole love story. It is orchestrated by Lindy's observation, sometimes bordering the lyrical, of the seasons and countryside. The sexual side is minor, an afterthought, a confirmation.

But the topical background is ironically worldly. Lindy's mother, Poppy, is wild, strong, vigorous; Ted, Jacob's father, is a fading wanderer living on his wits. They settle down to a quiet little business in small-time prostitution to serve the nearby American air base.


David Loovis
"has fixed with humor and precision a new sort of modern hero: the Outsider who wants In."
— GORE VIDAL
TRY FOR ELEGANCE
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By using Lindy as the story's narrator, the author invites comparison with "The Catcher in the Rye," which had, however, the natural yet gripping idiom of Holden Caulfield to sustain it, while the youngster in this book is only a sensitive village girl, whose expression is simple, childish, and necessarily conventional. Moreover, to achieve a child's view Mr. Davidson employs a deliberate crudity of narrative technique—a self-destructive weapon. The book abounds in phrases like, "But I've been running ahead with my story."

"Ode to a Young Love" is idyllic, yet with its background it becomes a satiric ode indicting the postwar atmosphere. This dramatic double-edge, however, is weakened by diffuseness until it becomes blunted, the irony merely bittersweet. There are studies of American reactions to Britain, criticism of the British school system, comparative analyses, by the privileged and otherwise, of contemporary England.

Yet this is an exceptional novel. The story never loses interest. The structure—a series of journal-like, episodic accounts—is admirably functional. There is a sense of whimsy: the counterpoint conversation between two American airmen in a car, one grimly advocating the bombing of Russia, the other verbally atoning for his ravages on his floozy's brassiere, is delightful.

Above all, Mr. Davidson says what he means. Without this blessed gift he could not be so consistently touching, nor at times so deeply moving.

—DEREK COLVILLE.

BONDS OF IVY: In "The Sun Is My Undoing" and the novels of her Spanish trilogy, Marguerite Steen brought most vividly to life those characters farthest away from her readers: royal mistresses, matadors, and eighteenth-century slave girls.

Her new novel, **"The Woman in the Back Seat"** (Doubleday, $3.95), though it allows the lovers, Ellen and Paul, to find each other in the *pavillon* of a luxurious estate on the Riviera, carries them north quickly to marriage in one of England's ugliest industrial cities.

It is as if the author had deliberately lifted a pampered heroine out of historical romance, set her down in the grimly realistic present, and demanded that she make a place for herself there. Ellen's struggle to fit into the life of Paul, a professor who finds it easier to give fidelity to his work than to a woman, takes place against a background of academic violence. Battling those who would give the university over to atomic scientists are the valiant few who make a last stand for literature and the humanities. Paul and his loyal, rioting students take the side of "Lit. Hum.," and so, within the confines of her temperament, does Ellen.

She finds it hard to forget her dead husband and her sense of having failed him sexually. And thus she overcompensates in her devotion to his gifted daughter, Lavinia, who grows up into one of those students whom Ellen, unlike Paul, finds so hard to accept. The perilous surges of feeling between the girl and her stepfather bring the novel to its crisis.

As seriously as the author has tried to engage her talents with a vital contemporary issue, and as ardently as she defends the ungracious new generation, it is clear that this matter has not evoked the virtuoso's magic. One suspects that Miss Steen found writing about university life, as Ellen found living it, a rather arduous chore.

—HOPE HALE.

Criminal Record

MURDER MUST ADVERTISE. *By Dorothy Sayers. Harper.* $3.50. Eighth restoration to print of works of this fine practitioner finds Lord Peter Wimsey (in false whiskers, sort of) drawing down £4 a week in a London publicity outfit where death has just struck—and continues to strike. First published in 1933, this yarn is still top-flight.

CATACOMBS. *By Jay Bennett. Abelard-Schuman.* $2.95. New York industrialist (Dartmouth alumnus) is gentle to wife's California niece, but gal is suspicious, and with good cause; three perish; cop absent. Linkéd sweetness long drawn out.

SOMETHING FOR THE BIRDS. *By Amber Dean. Crime Club.* $2.95. Buffalo bank heist works fine up to a point, but amateur ornithologists make strange discoveries and that makes things different. High-I.Q. toughie is unusual, effective job.

THE CASE OF THE MYTHICAL MONKEYS. *By Erle Stanley Gardner. Morrow.* $2.95. Perry Mason takes on defense of beautiful miss who finds male corpse in California mountain cabin; Della Street and Paul Drake earn their keep, and Prosecutor Ham Burger's stand-in is left gnashing his teeth. Ageless counsellor's fifty-seventh case is right down the alley.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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Mars

Continued from page 21

sapiens, so named. Yet we cannot forget that the victors had to a large extent a free hand to make a new world. It could never have come up to their hopes. They could have made something better of it than they did.

And America withdrew into isolationism, the most expensive of luxuries.

"The Great War" is primarily an account of land warfare, but sea and air are given their due: there is a fine chapter on Jutland, "the last great naval battle in which air forces virtually did not count." Every theatre is given coverage, and the home fronts are treated briefly but vividly. It is startling to be reminded that little English boys stooped to the "degrading absurdity" of stoning dachshunds. Some of those youngsters doubtless grew up to die in the rubble of Caen. "The Great War" is an admirable summary, written with a sureness of pace that makes for easy reading. —JOHN T. WINTERICH.

A CUBIT FOR WASHINGTON: Between December, 1777, and the ensuing spring, which seemed a miracle, a ragged, sickly band of rebels under George Washington created one of the most cherished of our military traditions. The heroic tragedy of Valley Forge, as recreated by the industrious Donald Barr Chidsey, should add to American pride in those indomitable early soldiers of the U.S.

But **"Valley Forge"** (Crown, $3) is not driven by narrative power, and it somehow lacks color, despite the rendering of a winter landscape peopled by men like Washington, Steuben, Henry Knox, Nathanael Greene, and Lafayette. The book, in fact, is hardly more than a descriptive essay.

Yet it is more than a by-product of a novelist's research, and in addition to the charm of unexpected nuggets from documents, there is the ring of truth in the unflattering pictures of many Congressional leaders, of those who conspired against Washington, and of the troops themselves. By indirection, the work is an added cubit to the gigantic reputation of Washington, a man inscrutable then as now, without whose example, it is certain, there could have been no Valley Forge, and perhaps, no free nation.

That appears to be Mr. Chidsey's central message, though between the freezing rains and snows of December, when the huts were built, and the incredible shad run of April, which delivered the camp, much else is left unsaid. The book has modern photographs and contemporary maps and portraits. —BURKE DAVIS.

On Completing His Hundredth Year

By Hollis Summers

I HAVE bathed, and loved one woman, often;
Kept regular, as they now say openly
In magazines and television; kept
Irregular hours consistently. I soften
My bread with milk, preferring tea
And coffee. I drink. I have slept

Poorly, but also often. None of these
Details is important except perhaps the woman,
But there, too, the virtue is not mine.
I relish chocolate, hamburger dishes, and cheese,
The same food I liked as a child. I began
Smoking early. My mind refuses to resign

My body, but this, too, is not vital
For you young reporters. Say to the public,
If you have to have five quotes, say he writhed
In many directions without accepting banal
Excuses for writhing. Say he was heretic,
Hoping for heaven. Say he tithed

Time, admitting the sudden fact of happiness
At least one day out of ten.
Say he approved of weather and the lovely dance
Of seasons. And say, if falsely, he was pitiless
Of men who dared to call other men
Finally stupid. I attribute my age to chance.

Ideas

Continued from page 17

in the conscious states column, and is somehow associated with the fact that this is not a deterministic column." It is thus apparent that his hypothesis of the brain as an "organ of consciousness" does not lead the author to a conviction that one's actions are subject to physical determinism in the brain.

Bridgman concludes that as a social being a person operates on two levels. There is the level of daily social life, which is the level of free will, and there is the deterministic level, in particular the level of scientific operation. This deterministic level, he points out, is overwhelmingly successful on the inanimate material level; except for quantum phenomena, it is "the best we have on the biological level, and on the social level has little more status at present than that there is nothing in sight to indicate that it is a logically impossible program."

I SHOULD myself feel that he would have represented the scientific facts more accurately if he had stated that the degree of determinism observable in nature presents no logical inconsistency with the freedom that is assumed as a person operates on the level of daily social life.

There is one point on which Bridgman lays especial emphasis with which I find myself in radical disagreement. He states: "The scientist has no place for 'faith.'" Only a few days before I read this statement I told a university audience in Indiana, "It is a noteworthy characteristic of the scientist that he is a man of faith." Assuming that each of us is trying to represent accurately the world as he sees it, it is clear that we understand differently the meaning of the word "faith." In the adequate understanding of this word is centered, as I see it, a major part of the difficulty of fitting the activity of the scientist into the human life of the modern world.

Professor Bridgman's meaning in his use of the word "faith" is indicated, for example, by his phrase, the acceptance of the laws of nature as a reliable basis for drawing up a program of action. He explains that one may follow such a program assuming that it is "the best bet" that there are natural laws, but being ready to follow an alternative program if it should be found that the supposed laws are unreliable. He sees little in common between such an assumption of a best bet

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and what seems to be implied in "faith." Noting that on the following page the author asks, "What do I mean if I say, 'I believe there is life after death'?," it would appear that as he uses the word "faith" he is thinking of the word in its traditional religious connotation, as meaning belief in statements for which evidence is lacking but made on the basis of scriptural or other accepted authority. It is a part of the mental framework of the Protestant tradition to which both Bridgman and I belong that first of all we must respect truth, and if the evidence conflicts with authority, the teaching of the authority must be questioned. In this sense the abandonment of "faith" by scientists is nearly, if not quite, universal. That is, we look for the evidence, and intend to have our thinking follow the evidence.

THERE is, however, a more fundamental meaning to "faith." This is trust in the principles and the persons in which experience has shown us that we can reliably have confidence. In its religious usage this is what I mean by "faith in God." In practical usage this is what I mean when I say that I have faith in the laws of physics, or in the power of freedom, or that I have faith in the President when he requests that I develop certain devices needed for the defense of the nation. It is such faith that I see best exemplified in our men of science, as they turn their knowledge to the task of shaping a better world.

I have already indicated that I find in Percy Bridgman's examination of how things are illuminating discussions of issues central to the scholarly thought of our time. Its reading is a "must" for those concerned with the relations between scientific and philosophical thought, and the general reader will find here surprising contributions from science to the understanding of current literature.

South from TOULOUSE

JOURNEYS IN SOUTHWESTERN FRANCE

by Andrew Shirley

An invitation and guide to an area rich in natural beauty, architectural treasures, history and legend, and pleasures of the palate.

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Georgia

Continued from page 11

toasts to all present. (Personal toasts to friends at the table are standing toasts and are a bottoms-up occasion. Toasts to those absent or to institutions are sitting toasts and sipping is permitted.) Each person is expected to offer his share of the toasting. On this night, there were at least fifteen personal toasts—a toast may be repeated if offered by different persons.

The two finests toasts of the evening were offered by the Mayor. One was to the men who work the land, who understand nature and love her, and who supply nourishment to all. He also proposed a toast to peace and to the wisdom and good will by leaders in both countries that would make peace possible. I followed with a related toast, to the determination of peoples to play a full part in the making of such a peace and in bringing about justice that would make peace worth-while.

The Mayor held out his hand. I reached for it as best I could under the circumstances, shook it firmly, and everyone was happy, for the problems of war and peace had been resolved. What the world needs, I thought, was some good Georgian wine.

It had been a long dinner, made long not by the toasts but by the need to do extra translations. Georgians speak their own language and hardly any Russian. Igor understood English and Russian but no Georgian; the professor understood Georgian and Russian but no English. I understood neither Russian nor Georgian and the Mayor neither English nor Russian. For the Mayor to get through to me or me to him, it was necessary to be toasted in three tongues. This must have produced some interesting variations; it also took a deuce of a long time, especially when we began to trade similar stories from different cultures.

At three A.M., well-fed, well-toasted, and well-translated, we rose slowly from the table. Igor and I were shown to the main bedroom. When I protested that the Mayor and his wife were giving us their own beds, Igor shushed me by saying we must not argue with any aspect of Georgian hospitality. I yielded. It had been a long day.

A FEW hours later, the air of the farm was riddled by the pronouncements of roosters—countless thousands of them just outside the window, or so it seemed to a man just settling down to a sustained sleep. I

—*N.C.*

RFD in Georgia: a local postman

heard the Mayor, in a stern whisper, admonish his little boy to be quiet; if he said anything to the roosters, they paid no attention. Unwritten farm laws are the same all over the world, one of which has to do with getting up on time. This we did, although I noticed that the veterans of last night's valiant wine marathon were still gasping for breath.

After a brief discussion, it was decided we would stay right where we were, at this particular collective farm, rather than push on to the State farm. This decision pleased me, for it gave me a chance to make some unscheduled observations. Moreover, I was eager to see how an average collective farm operated. The difference between a State farm and a collective farm is that the latter is run by the farmers themselves, who make the decisions, take the risks, and receive the profits, whereas the former is owned by the State, which hires farmers and pays them salaries. State farms are among the most modern in the world with respect to equipment and techniques. Collective farms are generally as modern or efficient as the farmers wish to make them or are able to make them. Since there were many more collective farms than State farms and since they played a larger part in the general economy, I felt the change in our plans would not be unprofitable.

The Mayor had arranged for us to meet with the officers of the local collective, including the chairman, vice-chairman, controller, and chief agronomist. The meeting turned out to be something in the nature of a briefing session, in which I received answers to questions.

I learned that the community or township had been named after Stalin, the best known Georgian of them all. The collective farm itself was

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called Shroma, which means toil in Georgian. The farm had been organized in 1926. Fifty peasants in the area, all of them poor, had come together to create a collective farm under the State enabling laws. Their application was approved and the Government allotted them 2,600 hectares. The State retained ultimate ownership of the land but the peasants were given indefinite operating rights. Land cannot be bought or sold in the Soviet Union; it is assigned.

The number of farmers working on this particular farm grew from the original fifty families to the present 650 families. This means a total present population of about 3,000.

How does the collective farm actually work? Through the case history of a single farmer, Ivan Tschliouri, I learned something about the functioning of the enterprise.

Ivan Tschliouri is thirty-six. His family includes his wife, his mother-in-law, his seven-year-old son, and his four-year-old daughter. Ivan grew up on a farm but most of his scientific knowledge about modern methods of farming he learned from a correspondence course supplied by the University at Tbilisi. Ivan didn't study marketing—and he didn't study distribution. He didn't have to. He is not expected to be a salesman or a negotiator. All that is expected of him is that he will do a good job of growing grapes. He has no worry about laws of supply or demand or about plunging or skyrocketing prices. The Government guarantees in advance to buy as many kilograms of grapes as he is able to coax out of the vine. He doesn't even have to deliver the grapes to a Government station; the Government comes and gets them.

Ivan and his family live in a small four-room cottage. There are no modern conveniences in the house, such as a water closet or shower or steam-heating, nor are there luxuries such as an electric dish-washer or clothes-washer or dryer, or television, or high-fidelity equipment. Nor does he have a car of his own.

Not that Ivan cannot afford these conveniences and luxuries. He can, and with abundant cash to spare. And, two or three years from now, he may be able to begin to obtain some of them. Right now, Soviet industry is turning out the lathes and the machines that will go into more factories for making such consumer goods in substantial quantities.

MEANWHILE, Ivan is putting his money in a savings bank, for which he gets 3 per cent interest. As a holder of a savings book, he is also entitled to participate in periodic lotteries, in which there are thousands of prizes ranging all the way from a cash gift of 100,000 rubles or a fully furnished home to a bicycle or an umbrella.

Ivan's expenses are not high. He buys clothes for his family, furnishings for the home, newspapers, magazines, books, etc. The family goes to the cinema or sees a traveling opera company or jazz band, for which Ivan pays about two rubles per ticket.

Ivan owns his own cottage, made possible two years ago by a community-government loan of 10,000 rubles. Next year, he will have to start amortizing the debt over ten years. This will come to about 1,000 rubles, or $100 a year. He grows much of his food on a small plot of land that is available for his own use and that is independent of the land he works as a member of the collective farm. He also owns his own cow, for which he paid 1,700 rubles; a horse, which cost him 1,000 rubles* when it was a colt; a pig, seven sheep, and about sixty-four chickens. In these possessions, he stays within the prescribed limits. Individual farmers may not own more than one cow, one horse, one pig, ten sheep. No limit on poultry.

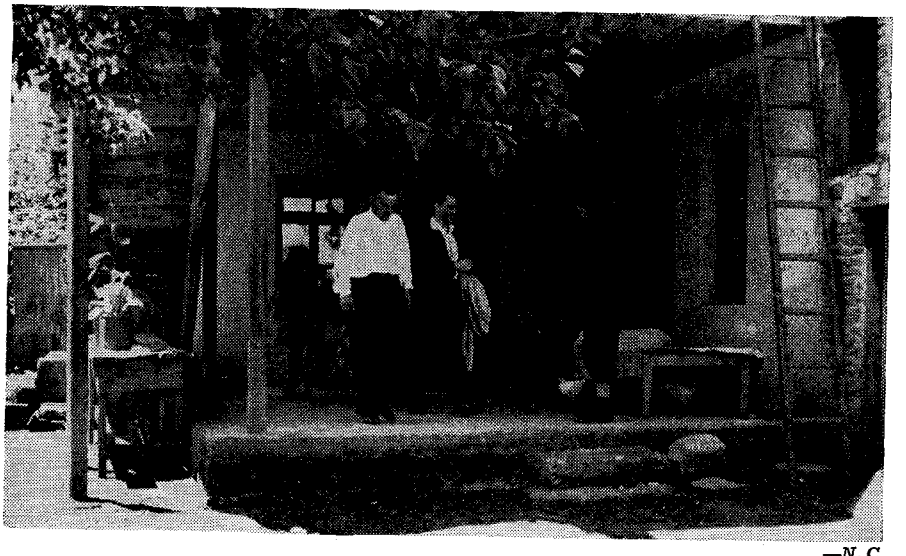
He has no medical or dental or hospital expenses. He pays no direct Government taxes—national, state, or local. He has no membership dues or organization fees. He is not expected to contribute to any funds for new equipment or facilities required by the collective farm.

Most significantly, he has no working hours. His income from the collective farm is based on completed "job units." A "job unit" may represent any number of things. It could include maintenance of machinery; care of livestock; road-building or repair; tilling a certain amount of land, and, most important of all, producing a large grape yield.

No limit is fixed on the number of job-unit credits a farmer may accumulate during the course of a year; but each farmer is expected to turn in a minimum of 150 units a year. For each completed job unit, a farmer is credited with twenty rubles. Thus, the minimum yearly income of a farmer would be 3,000 rubles a year, while the maximum would be determined only by his own capacity. Generally speaking, a single job unit can be completed in six to eight hours. Most individual farmers average about ten units a week. Thus, storing ten tons of wheat might be worth, say, five job units. Planting and harvesting ten kilograms of grapes might be worth four units.

Both Ivan and his "team leader" keep account books in which the job units are carefully recorded. If there is any discrepancy, Ivan can ask for a review by the Executive Committee of the co-operative.

Ivan's wife and mother-in-law frequently join him in the fields or in special jobs. Each one has an account book of her own. Thus, with three members of the family at work on the farm, Ivan was able last year to turn in one of the highest number of job units in the entire collective farm. The account books of the Tschliouris showed that they completed just over 1,000 job units, for which they received a combined total of 20,000 rubles. Of this amount, Ivan received 17,000 rubles in cash, one ton of corn, one-half ton of wheat, and fifty kilograms of cheese. The farm produce given him is computed at the Government or wholesale selling price. If Ivan wishes to sell this produce on the open market, he may receive much more than the 3,000 rubles represented



—N. C.

Mr. Gochiashvili's home was simple, almost spare, in design and construction. Living quarters on the second floor; kitchen and storeroom below.

* When I asked about the average cost of a horse, the Mayor grinned. "It's the same all over the world," he said. "There are no standard prices. There are only good horse-traders and stupid ones."

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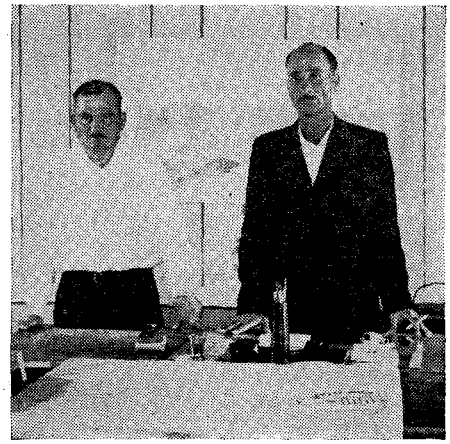
by the difference between the cash given him and his original job-unit credit. No one will ask him any questions about any cash he received as the result of his private sales, whether with respect to farm goods paid to him or that which he grows himself on the portion of land reserved for his own use.

All this is apart from bonuses. If Ivan exceeds his individual quota, working as a member of a "team," he is eligible for a bonus. Last year, Ivan was given a quota of seven tons of grapes to be produced on a single hectare. He produced ten tons. When the collective farm sold the grapes to the State, Ivan was credited with a cash bonus of 3,200 rubles, representing 20 per cent of the amount received by the collective farm for the extra three tons Ivan turned in.

IVAN likes to travel, and expects sometime soon to gratify his wish to be able to see far-off fabled places like Moscow and Leningrad. He expects to fly the Tupulev jet to Moscow and Leningrad this summer. The distance is about 1,000 miles; the flight takes less than three hours. Ivan's ticket will cost him about $70 for the round trip. (Jet transportation in the Soviet Union is practically standard for all long-distance flights, and is the cheapest in the world.) Ivan would also like to spend some time with his family, maybe in a year or two, at a resort on the Black Sea Coast. If his doctor says that he or his wife need a rest for their health, Ivan will find all sorts of health facilities open to him at any one of a number of places like Sochi or in the Crimea. The collective farm will pay 70 per cent of the cost of the health resort and travel; Ivan will pay the balance.

It has been only comparatively recently that Ivan has been able to think seriously about seeing the rest of the Soviet Union. He has not always been so prosperous as now. For many years the Government did not pay enough for the grapes; it had been hard work, very hard, and the rewards seemed small. But a few years ago, there were many reforms. The Government prices for farm products were doubled and tripled. There were many new incentives. Another important development was that the Government no longer required the collective farmers to rent their tractors and trucks and heavy equipment from the State tractor stations. Now a collective farm can buy its own tractors or trucks. Last year, the Shroma Council decided to buy ten tractors and two combines. Collectively, the farmers now own eleven trucks and two passenger cars. One of the cars is used by the chairman of the Council; the other is available to the farmers themselves. Now, twenty farmers have filed application to buy private cars when they are available. They may have to wait for five years or more.



—N. C.

"Mayor" Gochiashvili (l.) with Chairman of Shroma collective farm.

The farmers make their collective decisions — election of officers and members of the Council; whether to buy new equipment and how much; what their quotas for the new year are to be; whether to admit new farmers to the collective, or how the money paid by the Government for the collective yield is to be divided, etc.—at full sessions. Since there are more than 650 families, and since some families number three farmers, this can mean that 1,200 or more people come together to take part in the decisions. Sometimes the meetings are held outdoors; during bad weather they may be held in the community sports arena. These full meetings occur five or six times a year.

The actual governing body, or Representative Council, is elected by the full group for a period of two years. It consists of the chairman, vice-chairman, treasurer, and elected representatives; it meets twice a month and handles the operational functions in addition to making necessary interim decisions. They may decide to replace a tractor, or consider a complaint by one of the farmers concerning a mistake in the computation of his work units, or arrange for entertainment, etc. (The moving-picture house shows films daily. Every once in a while, a symphony orchestra will be brought to Shroma; at other times, the farmers and their families may see a traveling dramatic company or a magician. Or the university at Tbilisi will make available professors for lectures. Then, of course, there are always the wrestling matches. Georgians believe they have the toughest wrestlers in the world; it might be risky, though instructive, to argue the proposition.)

The cost of a movie is a couple of rubles. For more serious entertainment, such as a symphony, the price may run up to five rubles (fifty cents) depending on the desirability of the seat. Ivan and his family go out on an average of two evenings a week. He doesn't go to the lectures, generally, preferring to read. He likes novels, mostly Russian and American. He has read translations from many books of Hemingway, Steinbeck, and Jack London. Some years ago, he liked Mark Twain but now finds himself interested in the more serious American novel. His favorite author, of course, is Shota Rustavelli, the Georgian national poet and hero, who occupies a station of reknown akin to a combination of Shakespeare and Dante. Ivan says he has memorized maybe 100 poems by Rustavelli, who writes so lyrically of the struggles of the Georgian people and the enchantment of their wondrous land. For his books, Ivan pays about eight to ten rubles for bound volumes and a little less for the classics.

Ivan is not too much interested in ideological questions. He knows about the general ideas of Marx, of course; but he realizes there have been many changes in the applied form, especially in recent years.

AFTER completing Ivan's case history, the Mayor and Chairman escorted us on a tour of the collective farm—through the vineyards and the wheat and corn fields, the chicken houses and the cow barns. The equipment seemed to be divided between the very new and the dilapidated. As a whole, it was not what one would call a highly modern establishment, according to American standards, but that it was busy and productive, there could be no doubt.

(Subsequently, I learned that there is a considerable range in the productivity and prosperity of collective farms. In some places the farmers still don't seem to take to the idea, or the land itself may be poor, as in the hilly or mountainous areas. But most of the collective farms seem to be doing well, especially since the Government's action in upping the prices for farm produce so sharply in the past three years.)

It goes without saying that we had another big meal at Shroma before we left, in which fluency and fluidity came together beautifully and insistently during the noble toasts. Once again, there were the standing toasts and the sitting toasts, the bottoms-up toasts and the sipping ones. Once again, too, the world became most tolerable. We had no trouble in agreeing that if a summit conference is held, it should be in Georgia. Shroma wine, of course. —N. C.

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Complement of the beautiful, with an aesthetic quality comparable to the comic in mental world.	156 6 134 180 65 99 181 162 111
B. Said of a road much-traveled but little-rolled.	149 171 72 165 131 145
C. Precede; anticipate.	45 66 81 123 77 3 25 113
D. Element of weather prophecy which antedated the "Discomfort Index" — an average of temperature and humidity.	73 98 28 10 87 116 61 38
E. To roast.	103 24 177 94 37 82
F. Genus of rays containing typical devilfish.	4 105 64 26 176
G. Disk fixed at right angles to the live spindle of a lathe.	15 148 53 159 122 75 55 43 5
H. A leading actor in the finest tradition, seventy this year.	97 52 166 12 108
I. Literally, strong and manly; patron saint of a country; a clown when merry.	143 132 163 135 29 153
J. Variety of pearl.	56 178 70 138
K. Chief person in an undertaking (colloq.)	11 7 152 67 124 137 36
L. The mudfish of the Great Lakes, Mississippi Valley, etc.	96 129 110 133 22 80
M. Entrust with some duty or behest.	54 130 173 84 155 120
N. Lying in wait for prey.	40 167 127 100 13 150 106 58
O. Specifying the "visible sign of inward grace" in the Episcopal Catechism.	16 182 125 128 115 23 139
P. Military honor whose identifying ribbon shows a rainbow blending of all colors of the spectrum (2 wds.).	158 185 86 118 48 51 78 62 74 71 169 46
Q. Brilliant waltz music of Spanish origin, esp. popular during World War I.	101 47 18 88 57 140 69 168 186 27 144 76
R. When "plain", ranked by Emerson with common sense as the things most astonishing to men.	102 33 89 184 164 141 104
S. Habitually without money.	79 32 147 160 8 44 172 126 60 17 187
T. English banker, 18th cent., whose signature on banknotes led to their being called popularly by his name.	170 85 14 39 183 34 119
U. Strips of sheet metal used to make tight the valleys on a roof.	49 83 9 121 93 1 117 142 146
V. Devilish.	92 107 21 41 112 179 157 68
W. Amer. lawyer, founder of newspapers, one of the "Hartford Wits" (1764-1846).	95 30 63 114 154 109
X. Amer. physician who wrote the words of "Ben Bolt" (1819-1902).	20 2 50 174 35 91 59
Y. The "ax" used as a weapon by Scottish Highlanders, time of Henry VIII.	90 31 42 19 151 136 175 161

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

								1 U	2 X		3 C	4 F	5 G	6 A	7 K	8 S			
9 U		10 D		11 K	12 H	13 N	14 T		15 G	16 O	17 S		18 Q	19 Y	20 X				
21 V	22 L	23 O	24 E	25 C		26 F	27 Q	28 D	29 I		30 W	31 Y	32 S	33 R	34 T				
35 X	36 K	37 E	38 D	39 T	40 N	41 V	42 Y	43 G	44 S	45 C	46 P	47 Q		48 P	49 U				
50 X	51 P	52 H	53 G	54 M		55 G	56 J	57 Q		58 N	59 X	60 S	61 D	62 P		63 W			
64 F		65 A	66 C	67 K	68 V	69 Q	70 J	71 P		72 B	73 D	74 P		75 G	76 Q	77 C			
78 P		79 S	80 L	81 C	82 E	83 U	84 M	85 T	86 P	87 D	88 Q	89 R	90 Y	91 X		92 V			
	93 U	94 E	95 W		96 L	97 H	98 D	99 A	100 N	101 Q	102 R		103 E	104 R	105 F	106 N			
107 V	108 H	109 W		110 L	111 A	112 V	113 C		114 W	115 O	116 D	117 U	118 P		119 T	120 M			
121 U	122 G	123 C	124 K	125 O	126 S	127 N		128 O	129 L	130 M	131 B	132 I		133 L	134 A	135 I			
136 Y	137 K	138 J	139 O	140 Q	141 R	142 U		143 I	144 Q	145 B		146 U	147 S	148 G	149 B	150 N			
151 Y	152 K		153 I	154 W	155 M		156 A	157 V	158 P	159 G		160 S	161 Y	162 A	163 I	164 R			
165 B	166 H	167 N	168 Q		169 P	170 T		171 B	172 S	173 M	174 X	175 Y	176 F	177 E	178 J	179 V			
180 A		181 A	182 O	183 T	184 R	185 P	186 Q	187 S											

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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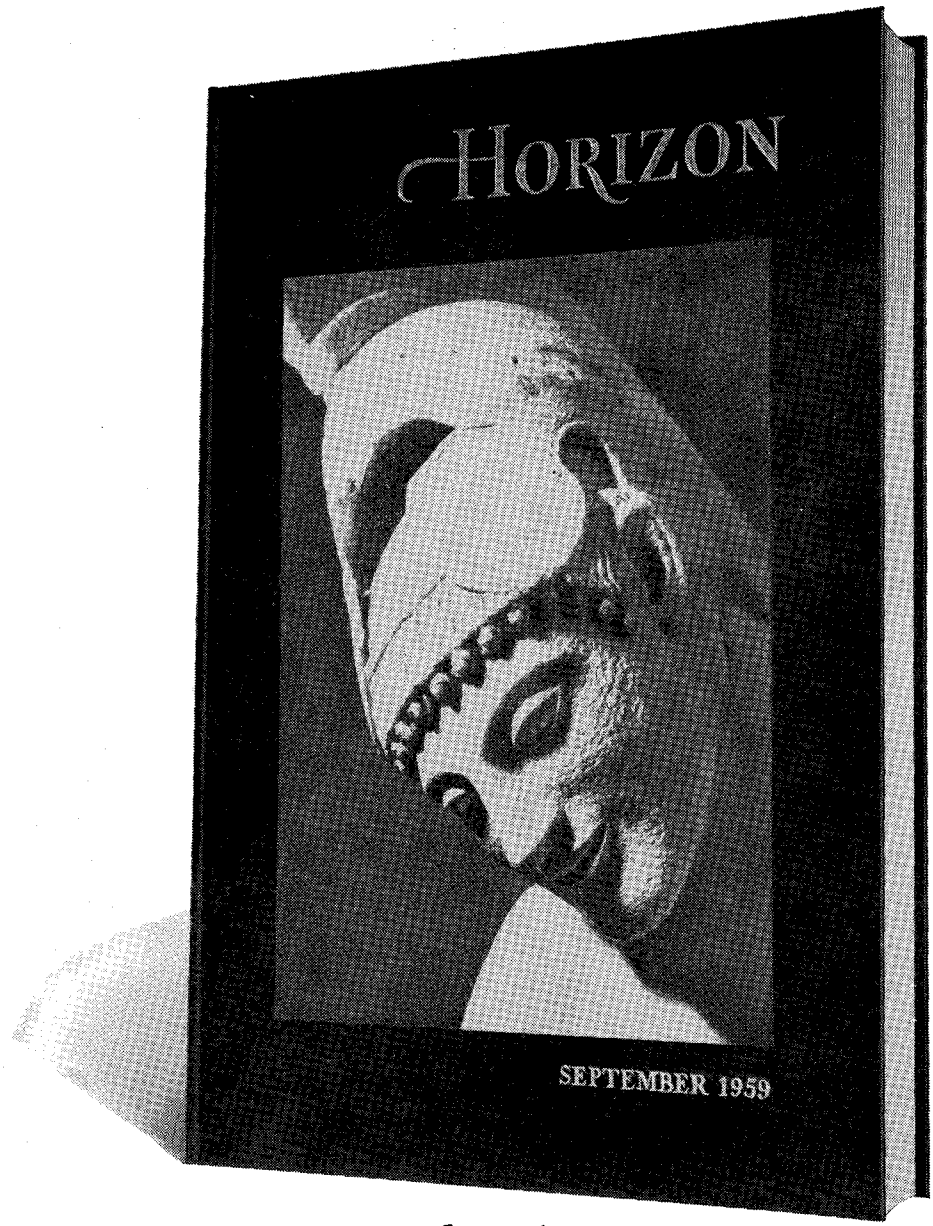

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